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HER CHILDREN ARISE UP, AND CALL HER BLESSED; HER HUSBAND ALSO, AND HE PRAISETH HER. . . . . .

FAVOR IS DECEITFUL, AND BEAUTY IS VAIN; BUT A WOMAN THAT FEARETH THE LORD, SHE SHALL BE PRAISED.

GIVE HER OF THE FRUIT OF HER HANDS; AND LET HER OWN WORKS PRAISE HER IN THE GATES.

SOLOMON.

A

MOTHER'S PORTRAIT:

BEING

A Memorial of Filial Affection;

WITH

SKETCHES OF WESLEYAN LIFE AND OF RELIGIOUS SERVICES:

IN LETTERS TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

ESPECIALLY INTENDED FOR

THE YOUTH OF METHODISM.

BY THE

REV. FREDERICK J. JOBSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY TWENTY ENGRAVINGS, FROM ORIGINAL PICTURES BY J. SMETHAM AND F. J. JOBSON.

REVISED BY THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D.D.

Nashville, Tenn.:
PUBLISHED BY E. STEVENSON & F. A. OWEN, AGENTS,
FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
1858.

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY A. A. STITT,
SOUTHERN METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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Introduction by the Editor.

The author of this beautiful biography is favorably known in the United States as a minister of the British Wesleyan Conference, having visited this country as a representative of that body, with Dr. Hannah, in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Indianapolis, during the present year. Mr. Jobson is a man of generous, benevolent, and catholic spirit—of artistic tastes and capacities, as well as scholarly acquirements and habits—a most excellent, devoted, and successful minister of the Lord Jesus—just what one might expect him to be, *knowing his parentage.*

The Son has drawn the Portrait of the Mother in a masterly manner; and well did she deserve this memento of filial affection. Mrs. Jobson was a fine specimen of the women of Wesleyan Methodism. Her character cannot be surveyed without admiration—we would hopefully think, not without imitation too.

By an ingenious method, without diverting attention from his Mother's Portrait, the author has given us a truthful and attractive picture of Methodism, with descriptions of persons and places connected with its history. Some of the engrav-

ings—all of which are faithfully reproduced by our artist—are from designs by Mr. Jobson, who has several times visited the continent of Europe, particularly Switzerland, for the purpose of sketching its peerless lake and mountain scenery.

This edition is an exact reprint of a copy of the original work, bearing the autograph of Mr. Jobson, by whom it was presented to our excellent friend, the Rev. Dr. Sargent, of Baltimore, whose courtesy in favoring us with the volume, and with interesting particulars concerning its author, is duly appreciated by

The Editor.

Nashville, Tenn., August, 1856.

To the General Reader.

The Author respectfully claims attention for one thought before the following Letters are perused. They do not portray the striking events of enterprise in the life of an adventurous missionary to the heathen; or the important changes and deep trials which often characterize the work of a Christian minister in his own country. Nor do they record the workings of a religious mind which has had all the advantages of high cultivation and refined leisure. But they contain, although

the sketch is imperfect, the portraiture of a plain, practical Christian,—of one who was surrounded with the cares of family and business,—of one who was every day in the world, and yet lived as not of it,—of one who turned her very necessity to be busy therein into an opportunity for snatching trophies out of it for her Redeemer.

It is hoped that the homeliness of the Portrait may render it the more readily imitable; and, therefore, the more extensively serviceable to the hearts and minds of those who may contemplate it. Every one cannot be a missionary, like Brainerd, or Eliot, or Martyn, or Coke: all cannot become preachers of Christ's gospel to thousands, like Wesley, or Whitefield, or Benson, or Robert Newton: few can attain the intellectual refinement joined with high spirituality which characterized Hannah More and Lady Maxwell; but it is the privilege of all, however encircled

with family cares, or involved in temporal business, to be useful members of the Church of God.

Perhaps the religious world had never greater need than now to be reminded that it is personal usefulness which should be cultivated and practiced. The many noble institutions and associations for spiritual and charitable objects which distinguish our times, deserve all the support which they receive; but there is danger that the majority of professing Christians should rest in mere subsidiary usefulness. It should be remembered that individual exertion is necessary in the cause of Christ; and that it was never intended that any of His followers should serve only by proxy. It will be seen that the subject of this Memoir, while ever ready to support evangelical and benevolent institutions to the extent of her ability, was herself a persevering

and successful laborer in the vineyard of her Lord. And to those who desire to have before them, every day and under all the varied circumstances of life, a practical and active example of the power and excellence of religion, this imperfect sketch is humbly but earnestly recommended.

The reader will discern that these Letters have been written with a free pen; and that with a Mother's Portrait, Methodist scenes and services have been outlined. This, to some extent, was natural and unavoidable. But it will be seen that these outlines are sometimes extended beyond the simple necessities of the biography. The writer's reasons for such enlargements are twofold, and may be soon stated.

Though Wesleyan Methodism has been in existence for more than a century, it is evidently

still much misunderstood; for even good men, who write and speak of it, strangely misrepresent it; more especially when they make reference to its peculiar and social means of grace. An endeavor is made in the following pages to exhibit its true features. This is done in a somewhat desultory and unconnected manner; yet so, it is believed, that the truth will be satisfactorily gleaned by the reader who is not a Methodist; while to Wesleyans themselves these few pen-and-ink sketches of what they are familiar with may not be wholly unacceptable.

But more especially is this volume intended for the YOUTH of Methodist parentage and descent. And it is humbly hoped, that imperfect as are the references made in it to early religious associations, yet they will be the means of reviving and strengthening within youthful readers reverential regard for the Church of their fathers.

For should the perusal of what is herein written raise up but one thought of a religious home, that thought may have linked to it a chain of sleeping recollections, which, when revived, shall be found to be most salutary in their influence.

F. J. J.

Lambeth, July, 1855

A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

Letter i.

"Some we love well: the early presences
That were first round us, and the silvery tones
Of those most far away, and dreamy voices
That sounded all about us at the dawn
Of our young life,—these, as the world of things
Sets in upon our being like a tide,
Keep with us, and are ever uppermost.
And some there are, tall, beautiful, and wise,
Whose step is heavenward, and whose souls have passed
Out from the nether darkness, and been borne
Into a new and glorious universe,
Who speak of things to come: but there is that
In thy soft eye and long-accustomed voice,
Would win me from them all."

HENRY ALFORD.

I purpose, my dear Sister, to describe, in a series of letters addressed to yourself, the life and example of our dear departed Mother.

You have heard more than you saw of her; for she died when you were very young. Of her earnest and affectionate character you cannot fail to have some personal remembrances. But these are, of necessity, imperfect. You ought to know more from others; and especially from a brother who had the greater advantage of growing up to manhood under her maternal care. My own love and gratitude for her memory are summed up in Gray's significant saying: "A man can have but one Mother." And though you lost her early, you feel that there is something inexpressibly dear and tender in a Mother's name. I wish to deepen this sentiment within you, knowing by experience that it is truly salutary to cherish it.

But while addressing this record to you in the fugitive form of letters, I humbly aim to erect a public and more permanent memorial of departed excellence. Our dear Mother's character and conduct impressed themselves beneficially on many while she lived; and I judge that a memoir of her will be lastingly useful now she is dead. I have long felt that

the writing of it was a filial duty I owed to her memory, and a public duty I owed to the Church of Christ. She was a living example of practical Christianity; and, with all the books of religious biography that have been published, there are not too many records of such examples in the world.

It may be asked why I have chosen to fulfil my task in the epistolary form. I answer, Because it is more easy, and less stately and pretending than the set style of modern biography, which, by its measured formality, restrains the writer from giving free expression to his thoughts and recollections. It also admits of the introduction of more familiar incidents; and one fireside incident related with simplicity, not unfrequently affords more real insight into character than a large volume of mere general descriptions. And while this easier form will allow me to use with freedom the language of affection and gratitude,—which, as a son, I must employ, if I write at all,—it will enable me to point out, without the stiffness which often deters rather than invites a

reader, the lessons to be learned from a Christian example.

These letters are accompanied with engraved illustrations, for the purpose, not only of producing on your mind more distinct and pleasing impressions of what you read; but also of stimulating you, and all who may peruse them, to cultivate any taste which the Almighty Creator may have implanted within you for the beautiful. It is a gracious design of God that we should be educated and refined by such means, as well as by the purifying lessons of his holy word. What beauty has he not profusely scattered around us, in the forms of the universe, his great handywork! Can we suppose that we are thus encircled with beauty, and grace, and grandeur, without a beneficent purpose? Let me earnestly advise you, especially while your younger faculties are awake with wonder, to store the mind with images of all that is most lovely in form and color, and most marvellous in design. You will reap the benefit afterwards, and to the end of life.

It is not only of such materials that the mind compiles its most pleasurable stores; but they are most soothing and refreshing amidst the corroding and anxious cares of our earthly existence. The remembrance of these is always fresh and green, however sterile and desolate present and actual circumstances may become. It is related of Alexander the Great, that in all his wars he carried with him a copy of the Iliad, on which, as his richest treasure, he laid his active brain to rest at night; and it is said that our own great statesman, William Pitt, would retire from the stormiest debate on war in the House of Commons, and read in the stately and transcendent pages of "Paradise Lost" until morning dawned. It is thus that the busiest and most sagacious minds devised a way to restore the health and purity of the intellect, after it had been dulled and worn with the grosser combat of the common affairs of life.

I shall commence my task with endeavoring to set before you in writing our dear Mother's Portrait. I am prompted to do this by the

remembrance of having often experienced a sense of want on reading biographies which have contained no description of the person whose life was related. In such works a feeling of vagueness accompanies one all the way through. For want of a substantial form which the mind can keep before itself, the words spoken and the acts performed by the person whose life we are reading, make an unsatisfactory impression. How different from the reality which is embodied in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," where we seem to live with the grand mental laborer, to see how he looked, and to hear the sonorous tones in which he uttered his weighty sayings! How different from the lifelike picture, almost unconsciously drawn of himself by Wesley in his "Journals," which, after all that others have done so well, are his best biography!

I shall endeavor, then, to place before you a Mother's Portrait; but shall not attempt high-coloring and finish. You may term it rather a crayon sketch with a free pencil; but it shall be, as far as I can render it so, true to the life.

Our beloved Mother was of middle stature, of good proportionate form, and, in the latter part of her life, somewhat broad and full in person; yet she was remarkably quick and lively in her step, and uniformly active in her movements. Her countenance was fresh, healthy, and open. It was delicately fair in complexion, and slightly tinged on the cheeks with color that deepened with the increasing strength of inward emotion. There was a peach-like bloom of health and peace almost constantly upon it. The face was more round than oval, in its general outline; somewhat high at the cheek-bones; and, as with all good faces, the features were well-defined and harmonious. Her eyes were gray, and, as if specially designed for extended observation, they were widely set in their distance from each other, and full towards the outer corners. The nose was significant of decision and strength, and projected in full proportion from the face. Her lips were thin, but the mouth was very expressive of natural cheerfulness. The chin was a little pointed, and inclined to the double form when it rested against the neck. Her hair was dark

brown, which she wore plainly parted from the middle of the forehead, and hanging low and plentifully down at the sides of the face. The countenance throughout was tenderly expressive both of thought and feeling. At seasons of deliberation it was seriously placid and calm; but immediately on entering into conversation with her friends, it kindled up into cheerfulness, and not unfrequently appeared radiant with joy. Religious reverence was its great characteristic; and on the whole, I should say that a face more sweet, more spiritual, more withdrawn at times from earthly objects, and more fully bathed in genuine devotion, I do not remember to have seen.

Filial attachment may influence my judgment; but to me, hers was a countenance not surpassed for womanly purity either by picture or reality. There were seasons of motherly association with her family, when her entire nature seemed to be suffused with holy feeling, and to tremble in a delirium of love. How sweetly serene and rapt with devotion was that countenance when lifted up to heaven as she knelt in prayer with her

children! And how much of celestial radiance seemed to linger upon it after she left her closet, where, under the bright cloud that had overshadowed her, she had knelt and held communion with God! Religion literally made her face to shine. All its lines, by the influence of her frequent and prolonged visits to the secret place of the Divine pavilion, seemed touched into child-like simplicity and purity; and her whole character was redolent of the richly-perfumed incense of spiritual devotion. How that image of piety and worship abides with me through succeeding years! Her miniature portrait, painted some years ago, now lies open in its locket before me; and at my father's hangs against the wall an excellent three-quarters portrait of her by my friend, Mr. Green, and for which she sat to him in London a short time before she died. But her true and full image is in my heart. There it has been set and worn from early childhood; nor will all the passing joys and sorrows of human life chase away its deep and indelible impression there.

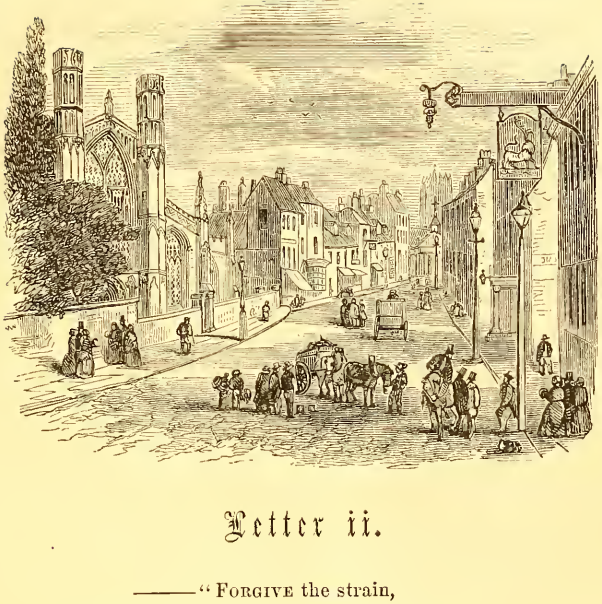
Her dress was neat; but it was as far removed

from uniform plainness and preciseness on the one hand, as it was from worldly fashion and adornment on the other. Indeed, with her, as with most persons, the outward dress was characteristic of the mind within. Her avowed principle was to wear good clothing; believing, as she said, that it was most economical by its durability; but she was careful to obey the apostolic injunction, and to "adorn herself in modest apparel," as "becometh a woman professing godliness."

Her voice and manners were gentle, but decided. There was nothing of hurry in her words and actions: nothing of outward bustle and excitement, such as you often find in persons who profess to have numerous engagements, and much to do, but who in reality accomplish very little. A serene atmosphere seemed ever to be around her; but with this there was a powerful and impressive influence attending all she said and did. Mother was, in the true sense of the word, a *gentle*-woman; but calm energy was her great characteristic,—so much so, that introduce her where you would, and associate her as you pleased, she would soon make herself felt as a

woman of influence and force of character. Her family and friends instinctively looked up to her for direction and counsel. Strangers soon felt themselves under the spell of her character; and seat her where you might, she speedily made that the chief seat in the room, or the head place at the table. Sound common sense—that every-day quality for life, and which, where not possessed, is not to be obtained by any effort, or at any price—she had in an eminent degree; and this, combined with unaffected generosity and affability, rendered her the chosen friend and counsellor of many. With such a combination of qualities, you will be prepared to understand, my dear Sister, how it was that your Mother has obtained so lasting a reputation in the city of her residence; and that, though several years have passed away since her sun sank below the horizon of mortal sight, yet the reflected light of her character still lingers and shines among so many. Of her it may be truly said, "The memory of the just is blessed;" and how such a character was formed: what were the circumstances surrounding and attending it from early life; and what were the

means by which it was matured in its excellence—it will be both interesting and profitable for you to know. These I shall endeavor to describe in successive letters; and as you will now have before you, from the hand of filial affection, the outline figure and countenance of a Mother whom you but dimly remember, I shall proceed to detail to you the particulars of her life and conduct. Some of these may be deemed trivial by others, but they will not be uninteresting to you.



Letter ii.

——"Forgive the strain,
Enamoured; for to man in every clime,
The sweetest, dearest, noblest spot below,
Is that which gives him birth; and long it wears
A charm unbroken, and its honored name,
Hallowed by memory, is fondly breathed
With his last lingering sigh."

CARRINGTON.

Your Mother was born at Beverley, in Yorkshire, November the 20th, 1786. This place of her birth is one of the most pleasing towns in the kingdom. It is impossible to pass through its

clean streets, to see its quiet mansions and gardens, open spaces and market-place, without discerning the sources of the health and prosperity of its inhabitants. It is a town of true English comfort; and the rich and well-cultivated land around it, with the salubrious air, renders it promotive of longevity. To see Beverley in full advantage, however, it should be viewed from the elevated ground on the west, at some half-mile distant; whence its long line of buildings, with the minster towers and parish church, embosomed in rich sylvan scenery, cannot fail to produce in the mind high gratification and delight. It might be added, that Beverley is not only pleasant and picturesque in situation, but interesting on account of its great antiquity. It is one of those towns which originated with the ancient Britons, by whom it was named *Beaverlac*, from a lake on its western side where the beaver was hunted; and still bears in its records and relics proofs of having passed through all the changes of Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman possession and existence. Above all, its minster, so beautifully chaste and feminine in its proportions and orna-

ments, its broad massive parish church, and its numerous remains of monasteries and religious houses, attest that it has been a town of ecclesiastical distinction.

The street of this pleasant and venerable town in which your Mother was born is called Lairgate. It is the most westerly of all the streets, and extends from Keldgate, on the south, to North-bar street—from which the accompanying view of Beverley is taken. The house stood on the left-hand side.

The name of our dear Mother's father was CABORN, from, as it would seem, the village of that name near to Caistor, in Lincolnshire, the original place of his ancestors. Her mother's name was HARRISON, and she came from Louth, in the same county; as may be seen from a tablet, erected to the memory of her brother, in the south transept of Beverley minster. As soon after her birth as convenient, your Mother was baptized, out of the old octagonal and curiously carved font, now standing at the west end of the parish church of St. Mary's, and was there named ELIZABETH.

If I did not remember that I am not writing for you only, my dear Sister, I should linger over old Beverley. For of how great importance to human character is the place of birth and of early associations—the place in which the mind first collects its materials for thought and reflection! These give form and coloring to scenes framed by the imagination, and therefore affect us throughout life; nay, may, for aught we know, extend their influence into eternity. The place of childhood is never forgotten, remove where we will or be situated as we may. A cheerful sunlight rests upon it, and renders it radiant in the remembrance. It is the pivot centre of the mind, the warm and unforgotten nest of the heart; yea, the very Eden of our life, where, before we were driven forth into the world, we plucked without restraint the flowers and fruits of innocence and joy. Even the emigrant, who adopts another country as his home, never forgets the place of his birth. He may be surrounded by more classic forms and finer scenery; more cloudless skies may bend over him; but to him childhood's home surpasses all he elsewhere beholds, as he shows by speaking

of it so frequently to his friends or his family, and by relating events and incidents of his early days again and again. And as "the captive hasteneth to be loosened," so he seeks to return to his native place. It was evident that our dear Mother felt all this. She was fondly attached to Beverley, often spoke of it to her children, and related to them what she saw and heard there when a child, until we all felt that town to be the place of a second home.

Our Mother's childhood was spent in Beverley, and was especially marked by what is usually described in children as "innocent simplicity." But even in her earliest years there were indications of the intelligence, guilelessness, and strong affection, which were so distinguishable in her character in after-life. Indeed, the characteristics of our first dispositions and feelings usually remain with us through life, as well as our resemblances in feature and countenance. We have no essential changes, naturally. Those we knew when children are, for the most part, only more fully developed, not altered in their personal character and temperament. The dispositions of childhood

may not unfrequently be traced even after conversion.

Early indications of goodness are often found in those whom God condescends to employ honorably in his Church, as we may learn from the records of Holy Scripture, as well as from general observation. So it was with our Mother. She was a child of more than ordinary promise; and her sweetness of disposition made her a favorite in the family and neighborhood. But more especially was she a favorite with her father; for, in addition to her winning qualities, she most resembled him in disposition.

Soon after she could run, she learned the letters of the alphabet, and began to learn to read. Her young mind was quick and eager; and she would climb the knees of her father and others almost as soon as she could speak, and entreat them to teach her to read. And often have I heard her relate to her own young family the struggle she had, when a child, in her "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties;" and instance, in her own cheerful manner, the humorous misdirection given to her on one occasion by her father, who was

wearied by her frequent questions concerning the true pronunciation of words. She had climbed his knee after dinner, and was trying to spell out the words on a newspaper-sheet, many of which were too difficult for her. She spelt out one, and another, and another, by the help of her father, who was engaged in some other reading, when at length she came to the word *vouch,* and having spelt it, she interrupted him by asking for the sound of the word. He told her; and directed her in all her future difficulties with words to read *vouch* in each case: a direction not the most judicious to give an artless child, but pardonable under the circumstances. Her *vouches,* however, in newspaper reading became too numerous, and extorted too many smiles, to be continued long; and discovering the fraud, she refused to proceed farther in that manner, requiring henceforth a separate pronunciation for each new and difficult word.

By perseverance these and other difficulties were overcome; and she imbibed betimes that love and habit of reading, as well as of acquiring information, which remained with her through

life. From the apparently trivial incident just related, I may also remark, that she learned a lesson for life—not to read either books or human character and experience without endeavoring to understand what was read. And thus it is that from what appear to be at the time unimportant circumstances in human life, a future settled course is pursued: like many of England's well-trodden roads, first formed by the wandering of cattle; or like many of her streams, turned in their first course by, perhaps, the root of an oak, or the small fragment of a rock.

Even at this early period the Holy Spirit graciously shed an enlightening and subduing influence upon her mind, so that she was led by a power which she understood not, and when but five or six years old, to go into secret and pray that God would make her good and happy. It was no small mercy to be thus soon the subject of Divine guidance and blessing. This mercy, it is to be feared, is not sufficiently estimated and sought for "little children," though our Lord has expressly declared that they are to come unto him. There is restraining and preventing grace

for them before conversion; for if there be any religious difference in the young, it is surely to be attributed to God. Our Mother was not destitute of moral and religious teaching by her friends; but, in addition to these, she was favored by the drawings of the good Spirit.

When her childhood was passed, she became exposed to great danger by being thrown into scenes of gayety and dissipation in high and fashionable life. The lady of a nobleman who was colonel of the county militia, having observed her engaging manners, would frequently invite her to their house while they were in Beverley. When the regiment removed from the town, the lady begged that Bessy—our Mother, then a very young girl—might accompany her in her travels through the kingdom during the continuance of the war, promising to treat her youthful charge always as a friend, and to studiously promote her comfort and advancement in life. With trembling anxiety on the part of her parents, the daughter was surrendered to the lady, and remained under this new care for several years.

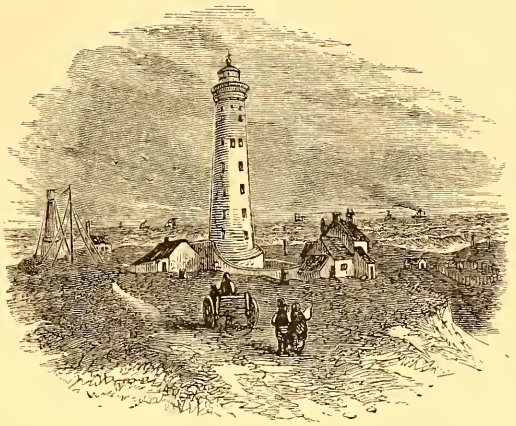
In this novel situation our Mother saw much

of LIFE, as the varieties of human manners and character are termed. She travelled over most parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the most stirring times; and being an attentive observer, had in her mind the remembrance of many impressive and amusing facts and incidents, which she used to relate in after-life to her family and friends. Among these were tales of the war-time, including sudden, unexpected, and immediate calls upon the regiment to march to new stations: strange, eccentric characters among the soldiers: odd adventures on the road: seizures of baggage-wagons from enraged farmers: overthrow of carriages: a stormy crossing of the Irish Channel, when the passengers were fastened down under the hatchway, while the ship plunged and creaked, and they expected every moment to be drowned: traits of Irish and Scotch character,—of Paddy's brogue and wit, poverty and blunders, and of Sawney's cool, self-protective words and conduct: scenes of mountain and valley, of river, lake, and cataract; and reminiscences of gayety, disappointment, and chagrin, in the whirling circles of high life. These stories, related with zest, beguiled

many a long winter's evening in her family; and wrung from her own cheerful heart, as well as from her listening children, unrestrained laughter, as healthful as it was joyous. But in all these recitals she was careful to set forth the moral lesson to be learned: to condemn the evil and to praise the good.

I may sum up the brief sketch of this period of her life, by recording her own grateful testimony, that amidst these changeful experiences she was mercifully preserved. She never loved the world, in the sense of that word as applied to human attachment. She saw early through the world's false appearances; and desired not its pleasures, honors, or wealth. Admitted by her patroness to an intimacy that was highly flattering, she might have been caught by worldly fascination. But she was enabled to employ reflection as she looked behind the scenes of the glittering drama. She discerned how restless, how wearied and discontented, were even the higher performers: she conceived a strong and abiding distaste for it; and so turned from it to seek satisfaction for her yearning heart in affection for her father,

and in friendship with a few select young persons more suited to her than the high-born of her sex. At the age of twenty, or nearly, she returned to her father's home.



Letter iii.

"O happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love:
Where Friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul:
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence; for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

THOMSON.

Though now with her own family and friends, our Mother was not free from danger; for she was at that critical period of life when prudence is perhaps most needed, though often least exercised. The painful and abiding consequences of a false step when the girl is entering into womanhood, thousands can testify by sorrowful experience.

Our dear Mother had several professed admirers and suitors. Father, who was then a young man of nearly the same age as herself, was among them. He was descended on the paternal side from the Jobsons, who were cattle-graziers near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire; and, on the maternal, from a ship-owner named Foster, formerly of Hull, and afterwards of Barrow, on the south side of the Humber. This last-named ancestor of ours was drowned at "Spurn Point," while there for some business concerning a home-bound vessel, and while seeking to save the crew of another owner's ship, which in a storm had been driven upon that rocky and dangerous angle of the south-east coast of Holderness, in the East Riding of Yorkshire: a vignette of which is given at the head of this letter.

It does not appear that either our grandfather or grandmother Jobson was decidedly pious. Yet they must have had some convictions in favor of religion; for I have heard my father say, that one of the first incidents of his own life which he could remember, was associated with a scene of persecution against the Methodists assembled for worship in his father's kitchen, near the market-place at Horncastle. Grandfather Jobson united himself for the war time to the North Lincoln militia: lost his wife: married again; and died at Preston, in Lancashire, leaving some descendants through a son William, since deceased.

Father also united himself to this county militia. He uniformly kept apart from the dissipated and immoral; so that for his serious and prudent demeanor he was in his youth called a "Methodist." This was felt by him at that time to be a stigma; for he had then no personal association with the followers of Wesley, or, indeed, with evangelical Christians, to whom the opprobrious term was in those days more generally applied. Since then, he has happily learned to take the

name which was flung at him as a reproach for a mark of real honor.

It was not unreasonable to expect that two so congenial in disposition and mind as our Mother and father, when they became acquainted, should desire the closest union. Their love was pure and strong. In both it was what is usually termed "first love;" so the heart of neither had been scathed or exhausted in affection; and their attachment was deep and abiding. At the outset of their more private intercourse, there was one imprudent circumstance which produced its painful consequence. Their intimacy commenced without our Mother having first sought counsel of her parents. It may be deemed by some, that it would have been premature at the time to seek such counsel, inasmuch as no formal declaration of affection had then been made. But there is an instinctive knowledge in true love; and none of us, my dear Sister, ought to allow our affections to become entangled and engaged, without referring to the counsel of those whose natural duty it is to direct us. A first step to that which must

issue in most important consequences, assuredly ought not to be taken without parental advice and sanction.

In this instance, as it must ever be in all transgressions of duty, the fruit was bitterness. One summer's evening, our Mother was walking across the fields with her suitor, when they unexpectedly met her father, who, although not unobservant of their attentions to each other in company, did not expect to see them thus associated in a retired walk. In his surprise, grandfather Caborn asked suddenly, "Bessy, where are you going?" Confused by the discovery made, Mother replied hastily, and in words that might be literally true, but which always afterwards were remembered by her as words of foolish and dishonorable concealment, "Why, Mr. Jobson was so kind as to see me home, and I am walking with him part of the way back again." Such an answer was not likely to relieve the case; and her father said, somewhat sharply, "Come home with me!" She replied, in disobedient words which she never forgot, "I shall not!" This scene was followed by tears of sorrow, and by forgiveness; and led to

explanations which had a pleasing and satisfactory result to all the parties concerned.

On the 7th of September, 1809, our dear Mother and father were united in marriage at Dovercourt, in the county of Essex, where the North Lincoln militia was then stationed. Our Mother thus entered on a restless and trying life. She had at that time no fixed home, but was moving from place to place; and though from father's office—which was to provide for the regiment—he was able to secure for his wife the most available comforts, yet the inconveniences and hardships of a soldier's life were such as it was far more easy to relate afterwards, than to bear at the time. But our dear Mother's cheerful and buoyant spirit upheld her. I have often heard her tell of those days of danger and difficulty—of fears through Luddite malcontents in Lancashire, and Irish insurrectionists across the Channel. Afterwards, she remembered that period of trial with cheerful gratitude; so that when in the lapse of years father had, under her advice, resigned his place in the army, and returned from the delivery at the post-office of his letter of

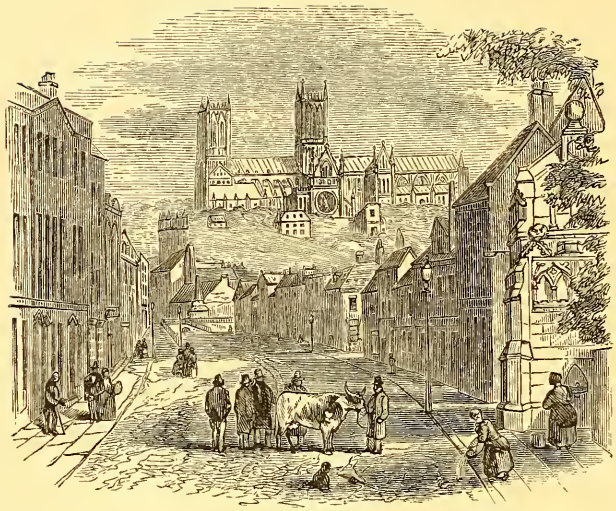
resignation, saying, "Now my soldier's life is ended!" she burst into tears; and on being reminded that it was with her full consent the resignation had been sent in, she replied, "Yes; but I cannot help the tears that flow from the memory of the past; for though trying in some of its portions, yet it is to me full of grateful interest."

In these circumstances of a soldier's wandering life her first two children, JOHN and myself, were born. When the peace of 1815 was proclaimed, the militia returned to its own county of Lincoln, and for the most part was broken up. At first, father and Mother went to reside at BOSTON; and there sister ANNE and brother DAVID were born. This town is now sunk down to one of less than second-rate importance; but it was six hundred years ago one of the most busy and prosperous of the ports of England. It is also honorably associated with the names of several of the "Pilgrim Fathers," who were driven by persecution to America in the seventeenth century; and with the name of Fox the martyrologist, who was born there, and whose huge folio volume on the murderous deeds of Popery, with its salutary engrav-

ings, you will not fail to remember. This town, however, will be principally known to you by its stately church-tower, of three hundred feet high, standing near to the line of the Great Northern Railway, and finished at the top with its beautiful octagonal lantern, which in former times was lighted at night for the benefit of voyagers and travellers in the Lincolnshire Fens, before those parts were drained and enclosed. After the conclusion of the war, our dear parents resided at Boston for a few years. Probably they were drawn to it by family associations—father's uncles having resided there and in the neighborhood. But it did not long prove satisfactory to them as a place of residence, though several impressive providential circumstances, both to themselves and their children, became indelibly associated with it. And at length father finding it inconvenient frequently to travel to Lincoln, where the remaining staff of the militia was to which he still belonged, they removed to that city, and made it the place of their permanent abode.

Over the description of ancient Lincoln I could fain linger fondly, as well as over Beverley, en-

deared as it is to us by such deep and varied associations. But to yourself this is scarcely needful. Its time-honored and grand remains—the magnificent cathedral, enthroned so proudly "on its sovereign hill," the superb ruins of the Episcopal palace, the stern old Castle Keep, the imposing Roman North Gate, and its numerous other mementoes of military, feudal, and ecclesiastical influence—must often seem to present themselves almost to your sight; nor are you unfamiliar with the names of historic fame connected with old Lincoln. I need only observe, in concluding this letter, that to us, as Christians, the grand old city has still nobler attractions, inasmuch as it was there the work of conversion began in our family: it was the spiritual birthplace of some who were near and dear to us and have "passed into the skies," as well as of some that remain upon earth.



Letter ib.

"Open your gates, ye everlasting piles!
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared.
Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel,—or thrid your intricate defiles;—
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow,
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles
Instinct,—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your gates, ye monuments of love
Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
Thou stately York! and ye, whose splendors cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient science dear!"

WORDSWORTH.

In the city of Lincoln, when our dear Mother went to reside there, her own father had already settled, with his unmarried daughter, Aunt Sarah. He lived in a stone house on the right-hand side of the road leading from the Castle Hill to the 'Chequer Gate of the Cathedral; and had by this time become the subject of the renewing and saving grace of God.

Grandfather Caborn's conversion was somewhat remarkable in its circumstances; and considering his relation to her, as well as the fact that he was the chosen instrument of Mother's conversion, I deem it well to describe his spiritual case, and what led to his serious impressions. He had retired from active life, and spent much of his time in fishing and shooting. Of fishing he was passionately fond, as the family on that side seem to have been. I have heard Mother relate how, in her young days, she used to accompany him to angle in summer, and used to sit with him in a boat, through successive hours, until late in the evening, reading to him, or preparing his baits. He was also fond of his gun. One day, he was shooting on the ground south of the Bishop's

Palace ruins, when, in running to take up a fallen bird, he stumbled over the stump of a broken tree, and hurt his leg. Being at an advanced age, the hurt threatened to be serious in its consequences, and confined him for a considerable time to his chamber. Here he began to reflect on his past life, and to think of an approaching eternity, for which he knew himself to be unprepared.

He had in the room a book of devotions by the Rev. Robert Russell,—a book well-known a generation or two ago: he opened it on a form of prayer just suited to his feelings, and began to repeat the prayer with all his heart. He was graciously heard in heaven; and the act led to true repentance. Afraid to be half-hearted, he earnestly resolved to write down all his past sins, so far as he could remember them, and to seek forgiveness for them, one by one. The long, dark catalogue, when he had drawn it out, as well it might, almost drove him to despair. He spent weeks of contrite bitterness, could scarcely eat, drink, or sleep; and his friends were afraid he would lose his reason. They remonstrated; but he persevered until he obtained deliverance.

One day, while agonizing for mercy in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, with the long list of his offences spread out before him, he was enabled by the faith of the heart to appropriate the merits of his Divine Saviour to his own case as a sinner, when he immediately felt flow into his soul "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," and became divinely assured that his sins which were many were all forgiven.

He walked now for some time in the light of God's countenance. But an hour came when under special provocation he gave way to anger, and was brought into the darkness of condemnation. He lost the Comforter; but mourned his absence night and day until he returned. Having no worldly cares, he devoted himself to a wholly religious life; and attended for Divine worship at the cathedral twice a day, not only on the Sabbath, but on each day of the week. In winter-time, it must have been a cold, shivering service for him, an aged man, in that immense hollow pile, where his only companions would be—exclusive of a few chirping robins—the dignitary in residence, the priest-vicar for the day, the organ-

ist, and the choristers, with now and then an attendant from curiosity. But as regularly as the cathedral bell began to sound its summons for worshippers, he sought his hat and stick, and pacing his way through "the long-drawn aisle" of the nave of that venerable building, and entering the choir by the door of the organ-screen, he took his place in the pews.

He was considerably more than sixty years of age when he experienced this inward and spiritual change, and he lived to be eighty. He continued his attendance at the cathedral to that advanced age, as also the rigid practice of fasting from food of any kind, until six o'clock in the evening, on Wednesdays and Fridays. This latter practice, to such extent, he used to say, he would not recommend to others; (for, no doubt, he felt its severity at his great age, and with his rapid waste of life;) but, having vowed unto the Lord concerning it when he had yielded to anger, he was faithful to perform that which he had vowed. His attendance at the cathedral services, and at the administration of the Lord's Supper, attracted the attention of the minster clergy. His devout

manner impressed them: they visited him, and conversed with him. But they were perplexed by what he related to them of his conversion, and of his religious experience. They said he must be in error: such things as he spoke of only belonged to the day of Pentecost, and the times of the apostles: there was no such thing as the assurance of salvation now! Yet he remained unshaken, testified of what he knew, and supported what he said by passages from the Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer. He used to express great regret that he turned to God so late in life; yet he was a truly happy saint. I well remember the upright, slender old man speaking with thankfulness of the goodness and mercy of God to him; and how the swift tears of joy flowed down his aged cheeks, as he enclaimed in filial love, "Abba, Father! Abba, Father!"

There were, indeed, times when he was so "filled with the Spirit" that his frame shook with the Divine Presence. He spent all his spare time and money among the sick and the poor. He had for many years greatly enjoyed life, with all its

warm associations, and was naturally afraid of death; so that when first attacked by the sickness which brought him to his end, he shivered and shrank away from the cold river, being much harassed by the Evil One. But by prayer and faith he obtained strength to go over Jordan: said he knew that the Lord would not only save him, but also his children's children; and died on the 3d of July, 1819, triumphantly exclaiming, "The room is full of light: angels are come for me!—'O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?'"

As soon as grandfather became himself a partaker of the saving grace of God, he began to desire and seek the salvation of others, especially of his own family. His strong affection for Mother led him to visit her daily,—though living more than a mile from our dwelling, which was below the "Steep Hill,"—and constrained him to speak frequently to her on the necessity of seeking the salvation of her soul. She readily listened to him, and rejoiced in his peaceful and happy condition. But what he said concerning regeneration

as an essential preparation for heaven, was as mysterious to her as that which was spoken by the Saviour to Nicodemus of old. One day, however, when her father had been speaking earnestly to her on this great work of the Holy Spirit, she evinced considerable emotion; and he invited her to accompany him on Good-Friday — which was near—to receive the Lord's Supper at the cathedral. She promised him that she would do so; but perhaps as much under the influence of filial obedience as of any other feeling. Then her father observed, that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was a very solemn ordinance; and, after explaining to her its nature and object, he spoke to her of the preparatory duties to be performed before going to partake of it, and especially of repentance and earnest prayer. She said, "I will pray to God; but what I have to repent of I do not know, except it be the want of sufficient love and obedience to you." "There is no necessity on that account," said the father; "but there is for your want of love and obedience to God, your Heavenly Father; and that you may see this, let us now take the Ten Commandments, and read

them one by one. I will read, and you shall examine yourself and answer as I proceed."

The Bible or the Prayer-book was brought, and the reading began. To the first commandment, not knowing its spiritual meaning, and viewing it only in a literal interpretation, Mother answered, "I have not to repent in relation to that commandment; for I always acknowledged the true God." Neither could she perceive that she was guilty of transgression in relation to the second and third commandments. But when the fourth was read, she said, "I must acknowledge that I have not always obeyed that, and kept the Sabbath holy to the Lord." The commandment now came home to her heart with all the power of the law which convinces of sin: the Spirit's sword pierced her: she was soon broken down into deep and godly sorrow; and not only before her father, but alone in her chamber, she confessed her sins and prayed for Divine forgiveness. Light now began to shine on other commandments concerning which she had previously declared herself to be "Not guilty." She discerned how she had committed the sin of idolatry with regard to her-

self, her family, and the world; how she had used the name of the Lord without reverence, and had therefore taken it in vain. During the days that elapsed before Good-Friday, she sought forgiveness with strong cries and many tears. She mourned over her sinfulness in the darkness of the night, and in secret; and, wherever she was, poured out her complaint to God.

Good-Friday morning came: she joined her aged father, and with much fear and trembling entered the cathedral. She penitently engaged in the public prayers; and when she heard the minister's sermon on the pitying love of Christ, which led him to give himself a ransom for sinners, she felt her whole nature suffused with godly sorrow, so that it seemed as if it would dissolve her very life within. The first service being concluded, Mother remained, with her father and the few communicants; and when at the table of the Lord, and while partaking of the emblems and memorials of the body and blood of Christ, she had such a vivid view of his atoning sacrifice as at once inspired her whole soul with love to him, so that, as I have heard her say, she could then

have shouted aloud her adoration of him. She went home still more fully bowed down with inward sacred grief, and entered her chamber. There she prayed, meditated, recited passages of Holy Scripture, and verses of hymns, alternately. And while pacing the room, and speaking to herself in the words of that solemn hymn on the Crucifixion, by Samuel Wesley the elder,—

"Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

"Hark how he groans,—while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend!

"'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid:
'Receive my soul!' he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!"—

she was enabled to apply by faith the efficacious merit of Christ's sacrifice to her own case as a sinner. And when she reached the remaining verse—

"But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine!
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?"—

and repeated it, her soul was liberated from its sepulchre and grave-clothes of sin; and she rose exultantly into the full light and liberty of a spiritual child of God. The Divine testimony of her adoption was thus clear and decided. There was nothing vague or uncertain in this part of her experience. And of how great importance this clear sense of her adoption was, the truly spiritual believer only can comprehend. It was the strong source of that powerful faith which she so frequently afterwards exercised in prayer, as also of her clear trust in Divine providence; while it mingled with and illumined all her thoughts and prospects of death and eternity. Good-Friday was always after her conversion observed by her as a day of commemorating her "death unto sin, and new birth unto righteousness;" and as a solemn feast-day to her soul. And nearly all the regenerate children of God must feel that such days should be thus gratefully and devoutly marked in the calendar of their lives.

For some time our dear Mother walked in the unclouded brightness of the Divine favor. She was in the land of Beulah. It seemed a new world in which she now lived: creation appeared more lovely; her affections to her family were felt to be more pure and strong; she had no fear or sorrow; wondered what temptation was, and was ready to say, "My mountain standeth strong: I shall never be moved." But, at length, the adversary was permitted to approach. He came down in great power and wrath: set all her past sins in fearful array before her, and with aggravating circumstances: tempted her to doubt her forgiveness, and to believe that all her joyous experience of the love of God was a delusion. Satan also injected unbelieving and blasphemous thoughts, until he had filled her soul with darkness. This severe conflict continued for several weeks. She loathed food, had but little sleep, and the trial almost exhausted her life. But amidst it all she struggled to keep hold of Christ, —though, as Fletcher says, it was "naked faith holding by a naked promise,"—and finally gained the victory.

This was, perhaps, the greatest spiritual trial she ever endured. It was her fight with Apollyon, and was strong in her remembrance to the end of her days. It was no doubt overruled for her religious benefit, and taught her to distinguish between sin and the powerful temptations of the Evil One: a point of experience on which young Christians especially are liable to detrimental and discouraging error. She came out of the struggle with increased graces: the victory was encouraging to herself; and she often spoke of it for the benefit of others.

Soon after her conversion, our dear Mother began to attend occasionally the Sabbath and week-evening services at the Methodist chapel in St. Swithin's Lane; there being at that time no evening church service in the city of Lincoln, except at St. Martin's, which was a mile distant from her home, but whither she sometimes went. Her aged father also began to attend the Wesleyan place of worship on Sabbath evenings with her. They both found here, under the Good Shepherd, green pastures and still waters for the

soul; and thus, though reckoning themselves members of the Established Church, and attending its services when practicable, yet, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, they persevered in going to the Wesleyan chapel on the Sabbath and week-day evenings.

Their attendance at the chapel soon attracted the attention of the earnest and pious Methodists of that day; and more especially of a good old saint, a class-leader of the name of Noble Sproule. In those days, at least, it was rarely or ever the case that a devout attendant on the means of grace would be left long without personal inquiry and invitations. Noble Sproule was a pensioner from the army, and spent his whole time in doing good. He had raised by his own exertions, under the Divine blessing, several of the classes then in existence; and met the members under his care principally in his own humble dwelling, up a passage on the south side of the river Witham,—left of the High Bridge, which is shown, with its fishmongers' obelisk, at the head of Letter XII.,—and near to which stood the first Methodist chapel in Lincoln. This venerable servant of the

Lord, who was always on the watch for opportunities of usefulness, and always gathering into his classes persons whom he observed to be attentive and devout at the seasons of worship, soon spied out Mother and her husband,—who had begun to attend the chapel with her. He offered to obtain for them a suitable pew, and invited them to become weekly associates in his house with them that feared the Lord, and spake to each other of God's work within them. Father and Mother hesitated for some time: not being willing to separate themselves so fully from the Established Church as this would seem to imply; not comprehending the real character of a Methodist class-meeting; and not deeming themselves worthy of being so intimately joined in fellowship with the saints of the Lord.

At length, after the real character and object of meeting in class had been explained to them, they went, and found what was truly helpful as well as congenial to them. Father had by this time become seriously impressed with the importance of personal religion; indeed, it was impossible for one so devoted to his wife as he was, to

see such earnestness in her and remain unconcerned. Family prayer had been established, though they were not able to conduct it without the help of the Book of Common Prayer. This was their daily practice for some years; and they used also to read the Collect, Gospel, and Epistle for the day. And though the Methodist chapel became afterwards their stated place of worship, yet they never wholly forsook the services of the cathedral and the parish church. The Prayer-book also was occasionally used after they ceased to trust to it entirely, and after they had learned to pour out their hearts before God in free spontaneous petitions. The grateful recollection that the Church of England had been the spiritual birthplace of Mother, her father, and her husband, forbade that they should hold it in slight estimation, or wholly forsake it.

But Methodism was our dear Mother's true home. There was something in its social, joyous character, peculiarly suited to her temperament. Its hymns of fervor and true devotion, its unrestricted doctrines of grace and salvation, and its varied means of usefulness, well suited her ardent,

generous, and active soul. The class-meeting was especially delightful to her, whose whole spirit seemed constantly to be crying out with the Spouse in the Canticles, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, and where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." She had much to relate of the loving-kindness of the Lord, and therefore was glad to join in this more intimate communion of God's children.

I remember well those seasons of Christian fellowship in the good old man's house, when but a little child I went with father and Mother, and sat on a low wooden stool by the fireside. Against the plain deal table, with the Bible and hymn-book open before him, and in a high-backed chair, sat the tall old man, Noble Sproule, the class-leader, clothed in black, and with a dark brown wig over his strongly-marked, weather-beaten, soldier-like visage. Around the table, on forms and chairs, were as many as the room would hold, rich and poor together. A hymn was sung, prayer was offered up, the leader related his week's spiritual experience, and then in his primitive style proposed a suitable question to each

member, such as, "Mary, what is the state of your soul?" "John, has this been a good week to you religiously?" "William, has the Lord been blessing you since you were last with us?"

At the close of each brief reply, suitable counsel was given by the leader; and when the entire class had been spoken to, the Bible was read or referred to: another verse or two of a hymn was sung: perhaps,—

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care."

Or, it might be,—

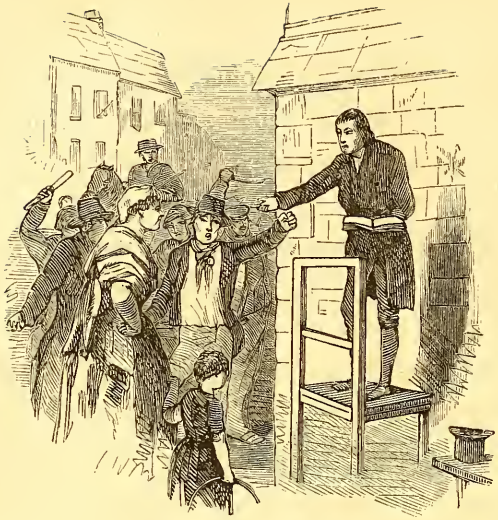
"We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel:
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable."

And sometimes the rapturous enjoyment in the meeting was such as required for its expression,—

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!"

Then prayer was again offered, hearty responses were heard; and the members, after contributing to the Church of God as they were able, and after expressing kindly inquiries regarding each other's welfare, shook hands and parted.

Scenes of more primitive Christian simplicity than these at Noble Sproule's were never witnessed. How that band of Christ's disciples wept, rejoiced, and prayed together! In that homely room, where they "spake often one to another," they looked into each other's hearts and lives, and found how similar were their temptations and their sorrows. How artlessly they told each other what God had done for their souls, until they rejoiced exceedingly: the very bruised reed breathed praise, and the smoking flax burst forth into a flame! And then how with united emphasis they lifted the prayer aloud! The heavens rent at their cry, and God came down with saving power! "Joy unspeakable and full of glory" swelled each breast, and filled each eye. The lambent flame seemed to leap from heart to heart, until the spiritual rapture was only inferior to that of the triumphant choir above.



Letter V.

"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering sons of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

"For this let men revile my name:
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain."

TRANSLATED FROM PAUL GERHARD, BY WESLEY.

It should be remembered that it required some degree of moral heroism to become a Methodist, at the time father and Mother joined the Society.

I well recollect that when a child at school I was taunted with the name on their account; and that when our parents were going to the class-meeting, or to the chapel, ribald Sabbath-breakers would scoff at them in the street. This, however, never made them shrink from the performance of duty: it was rather regarded as a token that Satan was enraged because they had escaped from his evil slavery; and so they persevered and rejoiced. Persecution sometimes took more offensive forms than this, even at that period. Profane youths would let sparrows loose in the meetings; and thus the lights were sometimes put out while the worshippers were on their knees. It must be confessed, that the more influential classes of society too often heard of these doings with complacency; for it was deemed any thing but respectable to be a Methodist, and the persecution of Methodists by such means was, by some, only reckoned "good pastime." Our dear parents clung to their new profession in spite of the world's judgment that it was disreputable; and were not backward in showing that, whatever the world might say or do, they were determined to be on

the Lord's side. I remember when the square in front of our house at St. Mark's Place was occupied by Methodist ministers who came to preach there in the open air, how father and Mother welcomed them, took out chairs for them, and risked both chairs and windows; for stones would sometimes be thrown on these occasions, and something like a riot be attempted.

These, however, were but mild forms of persecution, as compared with what was experienced by those who had courage enough to take upon them the opprobrious name of "Methodist" in the beginning. A rapid glance at the manner in which Methodism was introduced into Lincolnshire, and at its local history up to the time that our dear Mother became connected with it, may enable you to understand the position and influence of the Church she had now joined, and with which she was actively and usefully associated to the end of her life on earth; as well as to become acquainted with the character and labors of the first instruments employed by God for its establishment in the land.

Of that lamentable state of depravity and spirit-

ual degradation into which England had too generally sunk before Wesley and Whitefield began their evangelical labors, Lincolnshire largely partook. It seems, indeed, to have had in this respect a bad preëminence, and to have been morally worse than most other counties. Fearful ignorance, love of cruel and brutal sports, vulgar drunkenness, and other gross forms of wickedness, mingled with pitiable superstition, marked its population. For a considerable time after the Wesleys had commenced their itinerant work, though this was their native county, the benighted people of Lincolnshire had shared little of their labors, compared with the poor superstitious Papists of Ireland, the miners of Wales, the keelmen of the Tyne, the colliers of Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and Kingswood, and the smugglers and miners of Cornwall. This might be from the comparative isolation of the shire; for it was not, at that time, in the great thoroughfare of the kingdom, and was regarded principally as the land of fens and the region of ague. Mr. Wesley's personal visits to it were few; and his itinerant fellow-laborers were very thinly scattered over

the county. And when the kingdom had been divided into twenty circuits, Lincolnshire and part of Nottinghamshire formed but one circuit, with only two preachers, who were two months in going their round, so that they could visit the chief places but seldom, and had scarcely any time at home.

"To be a Methodist preacher," said Mr. Wesley to one of them who was going forth on his itinerant labors, "is not the way to ease, honor, pleasure, or profit. It is a life of much labor and reproach. They often fare hard: often are in want. They are liable to be beaten, stoned, and abused in various manners. Consider this, before you engage in so uncomfortable a way of life." And thus the preachers first appointed to Lincolnshire found it; for they went to privation, suffering, and hardship, amidst a rude, ignorant, and immoral people; and into a country only partially drained and abounding with fens,—where the waters often were out, and the bad roads often hidden in unenclosed parts with snow. Imagine one of the early preachers sent forth into such a circuit. He perhaps received his appointment

unexpectedly; for though Mr. Wesley never sent out unknown and untried men, yet there was not the formal process of the quarterly and district meetings in those infant days. One of the preachers would, perhaps, recommend the new man as having evinced grace, gifts, and fruit, in preaching the gospel locally; and Mr. Wesley would take note of him for himself, place his name on a special list, and send him forth into the wider field when necessity required. The preacher thus appointed had to provide himself with a horse; with saddle-bags to hold his wardrobe, books, and not unfrequently his meals; and to go forth a complete "stranger in a strange land." The home provided for him was perhaps a small room in the house of some poor person, where he had his "bed, table, stool, and candlestick," like the Prophet Elisha, in the house of the Shunammite. In this room he would not spend more than one or two nights within a month. His fare was always homely, and not always certain.

What kind of reception these first missionaries of Methodism met with in Lincolnshire, you may find from some of their autobiographies, written

at Mr. Wesley's request, and inserted by him in the early volumes of the "Arminian Magazine." Thus THOMAS MITCHELL relates: "In the year 1751, I was stationed in Lincolnshire. I found a serious people and an open door; but there were many adversaries. This was by far the most trying year which I had ever known." And then follows a description of the barbarous treatment he received at Wrangle, where, after preaching at five o'clock in the morning, two constables seized him, kept him till four in the afternoon, and then delivered him to the mob, who threw him into a pool of standing water, made him pass seven times through it,—though it reached up to his neck,—and then painted his wet clothes all over with white paint. They now took him to a public-house, and kept him there till they had put five of his friends into the water. Then they carried him out, and threw him into a great pond, which was ten or twelve feet deep, where he became senseless; but they dragged him out and put him to bed. Very soon they pulled him violently out of bed, carried him into the street, and threatened to take away one of his limbs, unless he would

promise to come there no more. He would give no such promise; and now they consulted one by whose counsel they seem to have been all along guided—"the minister!" We have thus a proof of the fact, then too well apparent, that at that period some of the clergy were as awfully degraded as the people. "The minister" told them they must take the preachers out of the parish. Mr. Mitchell's own clothes were unfit to put on; so they put an old coat about him, took him a mile, and set him upon a hill, and there left him, "penniless and friendless," after shouting three times, "God save the king, and the devil take the preacher!" Weak and ill as he was, he succeeded with extreme difficulty in reaching the house of a friend who resided three or four miles off; and here he was kindly cared for, but had to rest four days before he recovered so far as to be able to resume his itinerant labors.

"Then," says he, "I went into the circuit, where I met with more persecution. As I was preaching in a certain village in the Fen, the mob came into the house, and broke through the congregation, in order to pull me down; but the good

woman of the house took me into the parlor, and stood in the door with a great kitchen-poker in her hand, and told the mob, the first man that came near the door she would knock him down." The woman's threat was effectual; and the mob "left the house without doing much harm." How vain were these wild endeavors of the servants of Satan, either in injuring the soul of this persecuted man of God, or in checking God's work, may be seen by a few striking sentences in this account of Thomas Mitchell. "From the beginning to the end," says he, "my mind was in perfect peace. I found no anger or resentment, but could heartily pray for my persecutors." "In the midst of this persecution, many were brought to the saving knowledge of God; and as the sufferings of Christ abounded, so our consolations by Christ abounded also."

The work of these Christian pioneers was, however, hazardous and trying for many succeeding years. In another volume of the "Arminian Magazine" we have an account of the treatment met with in Lincolnshire in the year 1757, by Alexander Mather, a man of early education and

of well-disciplined mind, as well as of earnest and persevering labor. He relates how, while standing up to preach in the market-place of Boston, a large mob appeared, with a drum beating before them, and threw squibs among the people. Finding it impossible to be heard, the preacher proposed removing with his friends to another place, when they were assailed with dirt and stones that "flew like hail on every side." One of the mob struck up Mr. Mather's heels, and others gave him blows. Another collared him, with the intent to throw him into a horse-pond; but this was prevented by a gentleman. Returning into the town to get his horse, dirt was hurled upon him from the street-gutters. Before he reached his inn, again they attempted to strike up his heels, but failed. "At the same time," he continues, "one threw a stone, which struck me on the temple. I then concluded I must die in their hands; but, by the mercy of God, I was strangely brought through all the multitude to the inn where I had alighted. Being sat down, my first thought was, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' Indeed, my mind (glory be to God!) was kept through

the whole in perfect peace. By this time some of my friends, who had followed at a distance, were come in, and were washing my wound, when the mob came to the door, threatening what they would do to the house, if the landlord did not turn me out. . . . . After a while I mounted my horse in the yard, and then, the gates being opened, rode through a shower of stones, and came safe to our friend's house. But I was so bruised, almost from head to foot, that when I was cold, I could hardly stir. And it was a full year before I quite recovered the hurts which I then received."

A year later, another of these Methodist missionaries, THOMAS LEE, gives us a brief memorandum, which shows us that though the sowing of the spiritual seed had been hard work for the sowers, it had fallen into good ground. "In the year 1758," says he, "I was stationed in Lincolnshire. The whole county, now divided into three," (he writes in 1779,) "was then only in one circuit. So I spent two months in the eastern part, and then two months in the western. I was in this circuit about sixteen months in all. And I

did not labor in vain. There was a very considerable increase in the societies, and many souls were brought to the saving knowledge of God. And though the rides were long, and the work was hard, yet all was made easy and comfortable. The Lord was greatly with us, and the people in general were loving and teachable; and I know not if I shall ever love a people better on this side eternity."

Methodism obtained a footing in several places within the county, before it was received in the city of Lincoln itself. The village of Newton seems to have been the first of the places now in the Lincoln circuit at which a society was formed. But here, again, its infancy was one of persecution. Thus, the Rev. Abraham Watmough, in his "History of Methodism in the Neighborhood and City of Lincoln," relates that "the society at Newton was in existence before the year 1750, about which period they held their meetings in the house of a person of the name of Skelton, a respectable resident of the place, whom the mob treated severely for harboring the Methodists under his roof. They broke all the windows in

his house to shivers. Next, they went to the stable, and, cutting the mane and tail off the preacher's horse, proceeded to tar and cover it with feathers." At North Scarle, also within the present Lincoln Circuit, and on the same side of it as Newton, Mr. Wesley (as we find from his "Journal") preached in 1759; and thither multitudes flocked to hear him from the neighboring places. Yet his account of this visit reveals the mournful fact, that the people were then in a sad state of spiritual darkness. He tells us that though he spoke on the first principles of religion, and as plainly as he could, they understood him as little as though he had spoken Greek. Mr. Wesley visited Newton in 1770, and thus highly commends the society, which had now twenty years of religious growth upon it: "A people more loving, more artless, or more athirst for God, I have seldom seen." At least as early as this, the societies at Besthorpe and Girton, contiguous to Newton and Scarle, are believed to have been formed.

At Scothorn, on the other side of Lincoln, Methodism was introduced in 1779, by Mary

Daubney, a poor widow who had several children. She had been led to hear the word at Lincoln, where Methodism is said to have made unavailing efforts about that time. She invited the preachers to Scothorn, and a society was formed in her house. Here, also, arose the first local preacher whom God raised up within the limits of what now forms the Lincoln Circuit—Mr. Thomas Watson. Mary Daubney removed to Nettleham, three miles from Lincoln, and also introduced Methodism there. She was for more than half a century a member of the society, and died in peace in the ninety-fifth year of her age. Prior to the year 1780, the villages of Newton, Scarle, Besthorpe, Girton, and Scothorn, were the only places within the present Lincoln Circuit where Methodism had obtained a permanent footing; but there were societies at Broxholme and Sturton, two villages within nine miles of Lincoln, and now in the Gainsborough Circuit. Here already three local preachers had been raised up—Messrs. William Mawer, Joseph Frith, and Mr. William Flintham.

Mr. Wesley records that in June, 1780, he

preached on the Castle-Hill at Lincoln, to a large and attentive congregation, called together by the city crier; having come over to do so, after fifty years' absence from the place, at the request of a gentleman. He also preached again on the Castle-Hill next morning, until a heavy shower prevented his proceeding; when the county court-house was opened to him, and he preached from the magistrates' bench, to as many persons as could crowd into the building. He also preached in Lincoln in the year following; but though the people seem to have treated Mr. Wesley himself respectfully, Methodism had as yet no deep hold upon the city. Lincoln, with all its numerous churches, was at that period exceedingly dark and, we might say, barbarous. Even up to a time within my own memory, crowds used eagerly to bait a bull—after driving the poor animal with frantic shouts through the streets until it became infuriated—at an open space which has given a name to the locality, of "Bull-ring Terrace." The clergy were then almost entirely without evangelical light. Some were public gamesters and sportsmen, and some were flagrantly intemperate. The

cathedral dignitaries appeared at balls, on the race-course, in the theatre, and in taverns, and even in the news-room on the Sabbath. Happily, a most beneficial change has since occurred, and devoted clergymen may now be found within the city; but such was the state of Lincoln not only in Mr. Wesley's time, but also many years following; and it may account for the fact, that seven years after he preached on the Castle-Hill, though Methodism was already established in some villages near, there was not a single Methodist in Lincoln itself.

The humble rank and character of the instrument selected by Divine Providence for securing the establishment of Methodism in Lincoln, reminds us of apostolic times, when the poor and despised of mankind were chosen to prepare the way for the permanent triumphs of Christianity; and when, as in the case of Lydia, the first Christian convert in Europe, a female, saved through the truth herself, cherished and maintained it to the benefit of others. Sarah Parrott, a poor woman living at Bracebridge, two miles from Lincoln, was a Methodist, and went weekly to Stur-

ton, six or seven miles distant from her home, to meet in class. There, while expressing her pious wishes for the conversion of the people of Lincoln, she heard of Mrs. Fisher, of Gunnerby, a person of property, and distinguished for her attachment to Methodism. Sarah Parrott forthwith set out on foot for a journey of twenty-seven miles to Mrs. Fisher, and earnestly besought her to come and live in Lincoln, take the Methodist preachers into her house, and thus lay a foundation for a society in the city. The sincere, simple character of Sarah Parrott seems to have made a great impression on the mind of Mrs. Fisher; and though she did not instantly comply with the entreaty, it was not long before she concluded that this was really a call from God to usefulness; for she soon afterwards removed to Lincoln, and invited the preachers to visit the city regularly in their rounds.

This was at the close of 1787, "as appears," says Mr. Watmough, "from a letter in Mr. Wesley's own handwriting, now lying before me. This letter, which is dated the 18th of January, 1788, was written to Mr. Lancelot Harrison, a

preacher of Mr. Wesley's, then on the circuit." An old lumber-room, near the Gowts' Bridge, was the only place that could at first be procured; and this they fitted up for religious worship. Here the first Methodist class-meeting was held in Lincoln, and consisted of four females—Mrs. Fisher, Sarah Parrott, Hannah Calder, (mother of the Rev. Frederick Calder, lately an itinerant minister in our Connection,) and Elizabeth Keyley. On the 4th of August, 1788, Mr. Wesley visited Lincoln again; and tells us in his "Journal" that he preached at noon in Mrs. Fisher's yard to a large assembly of rich and poor. The new society prospered, and the labors of the preachers were owned of God; for about two years after Mrs. Fisher came to reside in Lincoln, a new chapel was built. It would hold five or six hundred persons, and was situate on the south side of the river Witham, between the High Bridge and the Swing Bridge. Mr. Wesley visited Lincoln for the last time on the 1st of July, 1790. "He preached in the new chapel," it is recorded, "in the evening to a crowded audience, from, 'One thing is needful.' When the congregation were

retiring from the chapel, a lady exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise, 'Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why, the poorest person in the chapel might understand him!' The gentleman to whom the remark was made, replied, 'In this, Madam, he displays his greatness, that while the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and cannot be offended.'"

Mrs. Fisher not only possessed a share of worldly wealth, but was a person of superior education and manners. She was to the infant cause of Methodism in Lincoln, and to its ministers, "the elect lady;" who was not only "given to hospitality," but devoted her life and property to the spread of the gospel. She lived by the waterside, near the chapel, and entertained the ministers in her house. After her death, one of them had his residence there. In this house the class and quarterly meetings were held; and thither awakened and penitent sinners used to repair, at the close of religious service in the chapel, to seek the counsel and prayers of the minister.

At that time, Methodism had no public services

in church hours; and its members attended the services of the Established Church, until driven from it by their knowledge of the immorality of the clergy, and by persecution. They then went to the Old Presbyterian Chapel, until Arian doctrines—afterwards changed for Unitarianism—began to be preached there; and then they had to resort to Sabbath forenoon services of their own. Help was soon afforded by the coming to Lincoln of two devoted men, who as local preachers did much towards the strengthening and extension of the society. These were Mr. John Hannah, a solicitor's clerk; and Mr. Joseph Mawer, from Broxholme. The former labored for seven years as a local preacher in Lincoln and the neighborhood, won many souls to God, and then passed to his eternal reward: the latter was spared for many years of useful labor. Methodism soon won its way in the neighborhood: societies were formed at Navenby, Boothby, Ingham, Thorpe, Harby, and other villages; and new laborers were raised up.

In 1801, Lincoln, which had been a part of the Gainsborough Circuit, was separated, and made

the head of a circuit, having fifteen preaching-places and three hundred and seventy-six members. The circuit thus separated included what now also forms the Sleaford Circuit. About this time the number of local preachers in Lincoln was considerably increased. Among them the names of Daniel Isaac, Richard Watson, W. Goy, J. Bedford, Thomas Padman, John Hannah, W. Bacon, and Frederick Calder, now or soon after appear. All these names were afterwards found in our itinerant ministry; and some of them in its foremost ranks. Among the local preachers raised up in the villages, perhaps none was more useful than Mr. Dixon, of Bassingham. He was a man of superior intelligence and of some wealth. He built a chapel in Bassingham at his own expense; was of inestimable service to those who sought God in his own village; and zealously carried the gospel into new villages, such as Aubourn, where Mr. Lambe became the leader of a class, and soon after also built a chapel.

In 1806, a Methodist Sunday-school was raised on ground belonging to the Rev. Dr. Hannah's father: a branch of the "Benevolent Society"

had already been formed: a third itinerant minister had been sent to the circuit the year before; and the cause prospered, while all who loved it were earnest in every good auxiliary work.

The year 1815 was trebly remarkable for the Lincoln Wesleyans. Sleaford, with a list of populous villages, was separated from it, and formed into a distinct circuit. In Lincoln a new chapel was built. It stood in the central parish of St. Peter-at-Arches, and would hold, it is said, nearly a thousand persons. The Revs. Richard Watson and Robert Newton opened it; and the joy of the former may be easily conceived, when he witnessed the prosperity of Methodism in the ancient city, where he well remembered how lowly was its condition when he first became one of its members. In this year, also, a branch of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was formed at Lincoln; and thenceforward the city held a position in Methodism which it had never held before. The visits of eminent ministers, such as the Revs. Dr. Coke, Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Townley, and Theophilus Lessey, as well as Richard Watson

and Robert Newton,—some to speak at the missionary meetings, and others to preach at Sunday-school or chapel anniversaries,—now compelled attention to Methodism from many citizens who had formerly regarded it disrespectfully. There was also the successive appointment to the circuit of several powerful and attractive ministers, such as the Revs. Daniel Isaac, John Hannah, and Thomas Galland, whom citizens of all classes thronged to hear. These were assisted by judicious and devoted laymen, such as Mr. William Mawer, Mr. Brown, Mr. Carrington, and Mr. Bainbridge; together with plain and earnest workers, such as Noble Sproule; and a number of pious and active females, such as Mary Poole, Mrs. Bavin, Mary Proudlove, and Mrs. Raven, all of whom have left names still remembered with love and gratitude.

Such was the improved condition of Methodism in Lincoln, and the progress it had made in influence, when father and Mother became united to it. Persecution, as I have before observed, had not ceased; but our parents lived to see it pass away, often looked back upon the times when it

prevailed, and gratefully rejoiced that they cast in their lot with the people of God when to be a Methodist was to be a mark for the world's opprobrium.

Letter vi.

"Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favor his:
Write, so much given to God: thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late."

HERBERT.

Having received the spirit of Christ, our dear Mother began to manifest its fruits in active benevolence and good-will to her fellow-creatures. Her family increased quickly; and the business

in which our parents had settled required from her much attention and care; but with a large family of young children, and with many persons under her direction, she found almost daily time for personal visitation of the sick and the poor. She was blessed with the inestimable quality of compassion for the needy; for it *is* a blessing to those who possess it, notwithstanding the degree of suffering there is in sympathy for the distressed. To feel "the luxury of doing good" is something more than a well-turned expression; and so our dear Mother felt it to be, although incurring the necessary penalty of bearing new burthens of anxiety, and sometimes of sorrow, on account of others.

In addition to the use of her own means—of which she was ever ready to distribute—she became a visitor for the Benevolent or Stranger's Friend Society; and many were the pounds she gave away out of its funds within a year, though each gift of relief required a personal visit, and was not allowed to exceed eighteen pence at a time. Almsgiving to the poor she regarded as a Christian duty not superseded by parish or

national provisions. The poor of her own neighborhood were cared for. The cases of widows and orphans, and of sick and distressed persons, were named to her acquaintances, as well as made the subjects of family attention, and the sufferers were visited and relieved. Hers was not the charity which is solely devoted to public acts, and in which there is often too much of ostentation.

I need not say that her charity was sometimes abused. Who that exercises philanthropy has not some experience of that unwelcome nature? Beggars came to her door in numbers, which showed that they knew where they would be likely to obtain relief; but she had at all times an ear open for their tales of sorrow and distress, a word of sympathy for them; and I cannot remember seeing any sent away without help. At many an affecting account given on the threshold she has shed tears; and all around her were thus taught not to despise the poor. Our dear father would not unfrequently venture on counsel and remonstrance against such undistinguishing distribution of alms, as being open to abuse, and as

giving encouragement to vagrancy,—letting alone the annoyance occasioned by the almost continuous rapping at the door. But she had always a charitable answer ready. Perhaps some youth had been the beggar; and then she would remark, "It may be he is some poor broken-hearted mother's son." Or the petitioner had pitifully pleaded that he had been entirely destitute of food through the day; and she would say,—"Though he is a beggar, he may be a child of God: Lazarus was." And often she would answer, "I would rather be deceived sometimes than not give to him that needeth."

Now and then, the more prudent distributor of alms had his charity abused; and then she would not fail, in her own good-humored way, to improve it. I remember one case which served her well for a pleasant reminder. It was that of a colored man, who, by a long story of his hardships while a slave, of his perilous escape from bondage, of his Christian experience, and of his temporal necessity, had so wrought on father's compassion, that he brought the negro home with him, fed him, and gave him half a crown. The

news of a black man being in the kitchen soon brought down all the children; and then followed Mother, to whom father said, "Here is one of another color, but he is of the same spiritual family; and being in need, I have brought him home with me, to feed and to relieve him." This was so far satisfactory to Mother. But, with that instinct which she possessed of almost immediately fastening on the true character of any person before her, she felt uneasy in the man's presence, and sooner than expected returned to the sitting-room up-stairs. In the evening of the same day, the professed Christian negro was seen reeling about in the streets intoxicated. This fact, when reported, was of course mortifying in its revelation of the man's hypocritical wickedness, as well as in his abuse of charity. Mother did not fail to turn it to account, when afterwards she might be advised to be more prudent in the distribution of alms. "Remember," she would say to her adviser, with a smile that prevented any ill effect, "the *good* black man, the dinner, and the half-crown." Yet she did not despise caution; but reflected that it could not always

insure the almsgiver against imposition. She therefore fell back on the conviction of duty: made that her rule of action; and valued money chiefly as a means of doing good. And that same conviction of duty made her also careful to provide for her own household.

Relief of temporal want was often with her a medium of access to the soul; for the spiritual welfare of her fellow-creatures was her great and paramount concern. Many a word in season did she speak to the beggar at the door: many an exhortation and prayer accompanied her gifts in the lonely cottage, the sick-room, the naked garret, and the cold, comfortless cellar. Indeed, it might be said, that numerous as were her visits of charity, she never left the habitation of the distressed without offering religious counsel, and seldom without prayer. Dangerous diseases did not deter our dear Mother from entering the houses of the dying. Neither fever nor the frightful cholera could daunt her firm spirit, or make her halt in the errand of mercy. She was, to many of the poor and the sick of Lincoln, a true "Sister of Charity;" and bright were the

trophies she won from among them to the cross of her Redeemer.

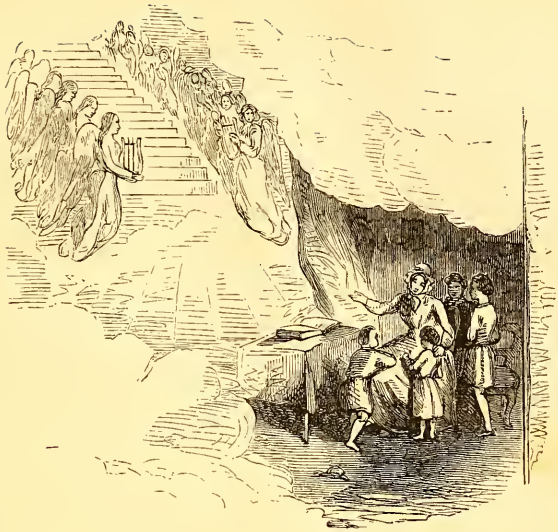
But her visits were not confined to the poor. Her consistent character made an extensive impression, so that, in not a few instances, persons of wealth, who had lived without religion, when seized by sickness, or cast down into great trouble, sent for her, and found through her instructions the way of life. This was the case with a large coach-manufacturer, then our landlord, who had suddenly lost his son,—a young military officer of great promise in India. News of the young man's death rendered the parents very disconsolate; and struck such deep affliction into the heart of the father, that he soon afterwards sank on the bed of death. Mother was sent for: she improved the opportunity for Christ; and at future visits to the dying parent, found good reason to hope concerning him.

But she did not always wait to be sent for, even when the sick or troubled were of the wealthier classes. She was not obtrusive, but confident in her work. She went, like her Divine Exemplar, to *seek* and save them that were

lost. At some distance from her house, on the same side, down the High street, lived an alderman, who, even in those days of pride among the wearers of civic honors, was somewhat more lofty in his bearing than the rest of his "worshipful" brethren. He was a retired, wealthy gentleman; and having no child of his own, had adopted as his heir a young relative. The youth was taken seriously ill. He was known to Mother by his having gone with our eldest brother to a clergyman's for education. Hearing of his sickness, Mother went to the house, and asked if she could be permitted to see him. She was introduced to the family; but her application was thought to be somewhat strange. The young man, they remarked, was ill in bed. She persevered, however, and they were soon interested with her manners. At length, the alderman's lady consented to lead her into the sick-room. She spoke to the youth of the evil and guilt of sin, and displayed the willingness of Christ to save, till he and all around wept. Then she prayed; and when she had risen and left them, they talked

of her with wonder, and said she had spoken like an angel from God.

I might record other instances of the good that was wrought by her judicious courage in venturing into families whither she had not been invited. But it is to be remarked, that judiciousness should be combined with such courage. Visits of this kind should not depend only on the boldness of the visitor; for it is most likely they will then offend by what will be termed their intrusiveness. Yet we ought to reflect that it is not really Christian to wait till we are sent for, when we know that immortal beings are ready to perish. Our rules of etiquette are undoubtedly false in this respect. It will be a poor excuse for our neglect of a perishing neighbor, to say in the great day of account, "We were not sent for."



Letter vii.

"She did her numerous family command
With such a tender care, so wise a hand,
She seemed no otherwise a mistress there,
Than godlike souls in human bodies are.
But when to all she had example showed,
How to be great and humble, chaste and good,
Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its peers, the Princes of the sky."

POMFRET.

It might be supposed, from our dear Mother's activity and diligence in the discharge of philanthropic duties, that all her zeal and care was expended abroad, to the neglect of her own family

and household. But it was not so. She had, most emphatically, her house in order. Her business was one that required watchful government. Those who assisted in it were considerable in number. Yet there was no waiting for her, no insubordination, no confusion. It was surprising how all things seemed to submit to her, and to serve her purposes. It is said that "the winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators;" and she seemed to possess the power of making all things her servants. I have often heard it said to her, when the shop was full, the rooms behind full, and when at the same time her children and the persons employed were looking up to her for direction,—and yet she would be calm, collected, and full of energy,—"I wonder how you can get on at all in the midst of so many cares, and with so much depending on you." To which she would almost invariably reply, "The Lord is very good to me: he assists me very graciously. He has promised, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be;' and he mercifully fulfils his word."

And this reliance on the Almighty was, in reality,

the secret of her strength. She consciously lived, and moved, and had her being in God. And though there was great force and tact in her natural character,—for she seemed made to govern,—yet she habitually cast all her care on the Lord, and never failed to trust in him. Above all, she constantly cherished the spirit of prayer, and lived in the element of devotion. It was her habit to spend some considerable time in prayer before she left her room in the morning. At the noontide hour, and on retiring at night, she also poured forth her soul in direct and private intercession with her Maker. But there were other times when she would escape away from friends and business to enjoy communion with God. She was a woman of MIGHT, as well as constancy, in prayer. She knew what it was to wrestle and plead with the Lord till assuredly blessed, and then to trust him with all. Her faith was child-like in its simplicity; but, like one of the simple elements of nature, it was of mighty power. And this deep trust and fervid devotion she brought to bear on her daily business: she did not reserve the exercise of spiritual principles for the closet

and the sanctuary only. If the philosopher "brought wisdom from the clouds, and made it walk among men," then she brought religion from heaven to act in daily life. She was an every-day Christian; and showed herself, amidst multiplied cares and engagements, to be strong "in the Lord and in the power of his might." She openly illustrated the words of Christ: "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Her spiritual concern for her own family and household was also very great. They were the subjects of her daily solicitude and instruction; and she walked before them with a perfect heart. I have already stated that family worship had been established as soon as father and Mother became earnest in religion. And this was perseveringly continued. Every day as it opened saw the entire household, consisting usually of many persons, assembled for the reading of the word of God and for prayer. At the dinner-hour, most frequently a chapter of the Bible was read. In the evening all the members of the family were again assembled, when a hymn was sung, the Scriptures were again read, and prayer offered.

Family worship was not hurried and formal, as if it were an unwelcome work, to be performed as quickly as possible, and cleared out of the way. It was fervent and impressive, and was as far removed from negligent haste on the one hand, as from protracted and wearisome dulness on the other. Mother usually prayed in the evening; and there was in her petitions so much spiritual breathing and earnest pleading with God, as made all feel that she was no outer-court worshipper, but within the veil and immediately before the mercy-seat. Her prayers were full and comprehensive. None of the members of the household could feel themselves excluded. Husband, children, sister, servant, work-women, and visitors,—all were cared for, and therefore presented in her petitions. She also comprised in her prayers parish, city, nation, the sovereign, the Church, and the world; and these, not in stereotyped phrases, but in words expressive of thoughts that welled up from a full and overflowing soul of devotion. This practice enlarged the views and sympathies of those with whom she prayed, taught them to feel an interest in persons beyond

the household circle, and to seek the good of others as well as their own. There was much of adoration and praise mingled with all her prayers, arising from her ardent and thankful disposition. Seraphic ardor marked all her acts of worship; but there was no lightness: religious rejoicing was with her, as it is with all matured Christians, a serious employ. A man, when he rejoices, does not rejoice with noisy laughter like a child.

Neither were her family instructions and prayers confined to formal morning and evening services. There were gentle promptings to thought and worship, such as parental love alone can dictate. It was her custom frequently to speak to her children apart, and to pray with them in her own room. At such seasons the lambs were fed after their own manner, as Isaiah tenderly expresses it. The duties and pleasures of religion were set forth to them; and if there had been any impropriety of behavior, or act of disobedience, it was pointed out. So that the young offender had not only to meet father's reproof and correction, but, what was felt still more, Mother's private remonstrance; and this usually

followed by prayer for the erring one's repentance and for Divine forgiveness, as well as by heart-breaking looks of grief, and by tears. It was also, as YOU will remember, my dear Sister, our Mother's frequent practice to accompany her younger children to their beds, and commit them by prayer to the protection and care of their Heavenly Father. The lovely scene of a mother's evening worship with her infant children, so vividly portrayed by Henry Alford, in his beautiful poem entitled "A Doubt," was fully realized in her abode :—

> "I know not how the right may be,
> But I have shed strange tears to see,
> Passing an unknown town at night,
> In some warm chamber full of light,
> A mother and two children fair,
> Kneeling, with lifted hands, in prayer."

Indeed, she seemed to be always praying with or for her offspring, and seeking their salvation. Her large maternal heart was a fountain of prayer, constantly sending forth its streams of earnest desire and supplication. I have often heard her, as I passed by the door of her room, pleading most earnestly with God on behalf of

her children. There could be no question as to what it was that she desired most for them.

On the Lord's day, in winter-time, Mother would not unfrequently remain at home with the younger members of her family in the evening, when she would read and speak to them of God, of his angels, and of heaven; and would pray and sing with them. I remember some of these seasons which were overpowering in their tenderness and unearthliness. The Sabbath with her was truly a "holy day" and a "delight;" and was most distinctly separated from other days of the week in its employment. After twelve o'clock on Saturday night, no secular business was allowed to be done. What was not accomplished by that time must be left undone till Monday morning. In a few things, perhaps, some would regard her as too rigid: as, for instance, in her not allowing any one to sweep up the ashes on the hearth upon the day of rest. Her fixed principle was, that nothing unnecessary should be done on that day. And she extended this principle to all in the house: servants and children as well. We were not permitted, when

young, to seek amusement on the Lord's day in picture-books or toys: these must be put away on the Saturday evening. There was no visiting allowed or encouraged in it, further than the reception into the family circle for the afternoon of a young Christian apprentice, distant from his own home. There was no conversation on worldly subjects indulged. But yet the Sabbath was not made a gloomy day: it was cheerful and joyous in its exercises, and the delight of all. It was, as it is designed to be, a Christian festival. The day was usually opened with the family singing an appropriate hymn: such as,—

"The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest:
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest."

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
No mortal cares disturb my breast.
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!"

We were all taken to the house of God on Sabbath mornings, except when extreme infancy, sickness, or very inclement weather prevented.

And O! how truly "sweet" is the day of the Lord, as thus spent, in its remembrances! There was the house of God, filled with serious, devout worshippers, and earnest inquirers; or, at least, the prevalence of these was so great in number, that the comparatively careless felt it almost impossible to be careless altogether, while in such serious, devout, and earnest company. The presence of the venerable minister in the pulpit: the communion-table, with its surrounding footstool and rail, where so many had repeatedly felt and realized the presence of God, while there kneeling to consecrate themselves to him, and to commemorate their Saviour's death: the cheerful faces of the choir in the singing-seat below: the laboring poor crowding the benches, and listening to the preacher with fixed attention: the Sunday-school children under the gallery on the right and left, the tender soil of their young hearts thus brought within reach of the seed cast from the hand of the spiritual sower: all this forms an indelible picture in the memory, free from mournful regrets, and never reviewed without pleasurable and purifying effect.

There was no disorder; and nothing, that I can remember, unbecoming the public services of religion. There was not, as in some of our principal Methodist chapels, the use of the liturgy, which, by its inspiring and solemn forms of address before the Divine Being, secures, on all occasions, to those who employ it with "sincerity and truth," most profitable devotional exercise. But there were hymns of praise, prayers, and heartfelt confessions, reverent reading of the Holy Scriptures; and there were sermons, plain in their style, forcible in appeal, comprehensive in invitation, and accompanied by the Spirit's unction and power. The singing in those days was not left to the choir; but all sang earnestly, and with that real devotion which is the safest guardian of both time and harmony in public worship. The sacraments were administered with solemn order,—not as mere rites and ceremonies, but as SACRAMENTS which Christ hath appointed to be received by his people. In those times, how eager was the curiosity of the young in the congregation, when the sacrament of baptism was administered to some tender infant

presented by its believing parents for public recognition by the Church of Christ! and how often tears flowed from the eyes of the matured, during the affecting address of the minister on the obligation of Christian parents to "bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord!". And to myself, as doubtless to others, how solemn were the impressions relative to the separation of the Church from the general congregation, prior to the celebration of the Lord's Supper! when, after the departure of the multitude, the society-stewards went from pew to pew, to see that each person remaining had the accrediting ticket or note, and was duly authorized to approach the table of the Lord. There was little or no uncertainty then, in the line of distinction between the Church and the world; nor was there any question whether the Sabbath, in its services, should be hallowed and made honorable.

I do not write thus because I think that the people of God have in such observances seriously degenerated. Wesleyans are far more numerous now at Lincoln, in their attendance at the more

solemn means of grace, than they were thirty years ago; as, indeed, they are in almost every other city or town in the kingdom. They have now in Lincoln more than twice as many "hearers" and members of Society; and I have no reason to believe that the Methodists there, or elsewhere, are less orderly, attentive, or devout, in their worship. But some persons have supposed—in ignorance of facts that they would have become acquainted with, had they inquired—that in earlier times Methodists were a disorderly and irreverent people. Nay, I fear there are some prejudiced persons who deem them deserving of no better description now. It is not so at the present day, as you know; and, though not forgetful of the sunlight which ever gilds our memory of the scenes of our youth, I can testify that in former days also, the services of Methodism would bear comparison with those of any section of the general Church of Christ, for reverent and devout performance.

My mind, however, reverts again to the Sabbath evenings spent at home with our dear Mother. I well remember the family Bible open on the

table, the psalms, and hymns, and prayers, and her conversation with us on heaven. It seemed sometimes as if the pearl-gates of the New Jerusalem were opened before us, and as if we could see the nations of the saved rejoicing in its golden streets. The room in which we were, not unfrequently seemed to be full of angels, who had descended as on Jacob's bright ladder, and with viewless forms and noiseless wings were hovering around, and associating with us. If religious parents would often hold such conferences with their children, what beneficial impressions might be made on young and tender minds! How much more commendable such a practice, than reciting foolish tales and showing ludicrous pictures to children! Surely, believers should more constantly remember the duty and advantage of preoccupying the young mind for Christ. They should beware of waiting till the enemy has sown tares in the heart, which will have to be rooted up; and should rather hasten to plant the seed of the kingdom in the virgin soil. Nor is it necessary to wait so long as some persons suppose, before the mind shall be able to receive religious

teaching. In several respects, a little child is better prepared to receive it than an adult. Great mysteries are not understood by either: they are simply matters of reverential faith; and the Christian father, as well as his child, has to worship before the greatest truths with the religion of wonder and adoration. A little child has not been rendered suspicious and unbelieving by experience of a deceitful world; but is guileless and confiding. So much so, that the Saviour sets it forth as the very type of undoubting trust, and of implicit obedience: "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in nowise enter therein." We learn, too, that Hannah of old dedicated Samuel in his childhood to the Lord; and Timothy was from his infancy instructed by his believing mother and grandmother, "so that from a child" (a little child) he had "known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation."

Proofs of the efficacy of early religious care and instruction were to be found in our Mother's young family. Some, as in the Patriarch Jacob's house, were wayward and rebellious, and caused her much

sorrow; but others were goodly fruits of her pious endeavors. The greater number of her many children died in infancy and childhood. And while young, the deaths in our family were so numerous, and the circumstances in connection with some so remarkable, that the living among us could not but be deeply impressed by them. They seemed to bring the spiritual world near, to open and reöpen it before us. Some of these circumstances were strange and inexplicable. In another letter I will give them simply as they were often related by our parents.

Letter viii.

"Now a thing was secretly brought to me,
And mine ear received a little thereof.
In thoughts from the visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake.
Then a spirit passed before my face:
The hair of my flesh stood up:
It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof:
An image was before mine eyes."

ELIPHAZ. JOB IV. 12-16.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep."

MILTON.

I WOULD not, my dear Sister, assist to render you superstitious: I only recommend to you that degree of hesitancy on some mysterious subjects, which I hold to be more truly philosophical than disbelief. We ought not, I conclude, to desire to account for all things which come under the cognizance of our senses, or which are in any way apprehended by the mind. Even with those who attempt all this, many things remain, and must remain, mysterious. Existence itself is a mystery, even to ourselves who exist; and of the modes of spiritual existence we know nothing. And undoubtedly it is a wise and good arrangement on the part of our Maker, that he has left us in ignorance of them. I cannot explain what I am about to relate. I do not undertake to say whether it belongs to the sensuous or the ideal. I merely narrate it.

I have already said that the greater number of our brothers and sisters died when very young. With the exception of one little brother, ABRAHAM, who sleeps behind the conduit in St. Mary's Churchyard, they were all buried beside grandfather Caborn, at St. Mark's. The first who sought

the Lord in childhood was your sister ANNE, who died when six years old. She was a most intelligent and engaging child, such as would be readily pronounced by the more "knowing ones" as "not long for earth;" and such as the poet Stanyan Bigg must have had in view when he penned those sweet verses of his poem "On Childhood,"—

"All the little children loved her—
None so joyous in their play;
And yet ever was there something
Which seemed—ah! so far away
From the joyance and the laughter,
And the streamlet's crisping foam—
'T was as if some little song-bird
Had dropped down from yon blue dome,
Warbling still among the others,
Wandering with them where they roam,
And yet hallowing remembrance
With low gushes about home!"

Our young sister early imbibed the spirit of benevolence, and would frequently ask her Mother to be allowed to accompany her in visits to the poor and the sick. On one of these occasions, when ascending the "Steep Hill," by the ancient Jew's house, on the way to the upper part of the city, after having been spoken to on the necessity

of personal salvation, and on the approaching solemnities of death and eternity, she suddenly began to weep. Mother said to her, "Anne, what are you crying for?" The child replied, "Because I have been so very wicked." "Very wicked!" exclaimed her Mother, as she had hold of her hand, and not perceiving the child's full meaning at first: "I have thought you a good and obedient girl to me; and God will forgive your sins against him, if you pray to him." "Before you I have seemed good," replied Anne; "but God has seen my heart, and known that I have been *very* wicked." Mother now began to converse with her more at length on the mercy of God to sinners, and on the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. After she returned home, she was heard praying in her chamber for the forgiveness of her sins; and in a few days her young heart was lightened of its load of condemnation and sorrow, and she rejoiced in the assurance of being a child of God. Soon after this she died.

On the Sabbath before her death, she was by the fireside in her grandfather's kitchen, when she suddenly exclaimed, looking and pointing towards

the window, "See! there is my brother William, like an angel with bright wings. He is smiling upon me, and beckoning me to go to him!" She was told that it was a mere childish fancy; and that she could not know her brother William if she saw him, for he was dead before she was born. But the child persisted in saying that it was her brother William she saw; and that he waved his hand for her to go to him. Though apparently well, and promising for life, that Sabbath, on the next she died; and her death was not only peaceful but triumphant. Her father and Mother were standing over her weeping while she was dying, when she looked up to them, and said, "Father! Mother! do not weep for me. I am going to heaven, and shall be happy there with Jesus Christ. And when you die, I and my brothers in heaven will come to meet you; and then we shall live together for ever."

When reminded that it was the Lord's day, a day on which she had been accustomed to go for worship to the house of God, she repeated, from Dr. Watts's incomparable hymns for children, and with a sweetness of look and manner

that belong only to "little ones" meetened for heaven,—

> "Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
> A whole assembly worship thee!
> At once they sing, at once they pray:
> They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
>
> "I have been there, and still would go"—

Here her voice failed, and her worshipping spirit instantly passed to the joyful multitude before the throne.

Soon after this, her brother DAVID, her constant companion, who was a year younger than herself, and a fine, light-haired, cheerful boy, also died. His death was startling and impressive. He was suddenly killed by the rolling upon him of the trunk of a large tree, which had been carelessly left without any fastening-chain or cord, near a coachmaker's yard, and which merely rested on another round piece of timber. It was in the summer-time, when Mother was accustomed to keep fruit in the cupboard for her children, to give it to them at intervals during the day. In the afternoon of the day, Mother said to him, "David, come to me, and I will give you some fruit." He

came, looked hastily into the cupboard, but not being high enough to see the farther side of the shelf on which the fruit-dish was placed, he ran away, saying, "There is none." He went out of the open door of the house; and, as was quite unusual with him, ran down the street towards the coachmaker's yard; when, just as he reached the spot where the tree-trunks were lying, the upper one rolled down upon him, and crushed him instantly to death.

All who were then at home will remember well that day: the solemn stillness of the house: the heart-rending sorrow of our parents: the drops of blood upon the sheet that covered poor David's mangled body, which had been placed on a table in the chamber. Nor have I forgotten my own fear to go up stairs, or to sleep in the house: my going out to a neighbor's to sleep: the terrific dream I had of the judgment-day, and the glare of a world on fire, which burned as an oven around me: the funeral; and then the mill-stone sorrow, unrelieved by tears, which bore our father down until he could not stay up any longer from his bed, but went silently to it, apparently to die heart-

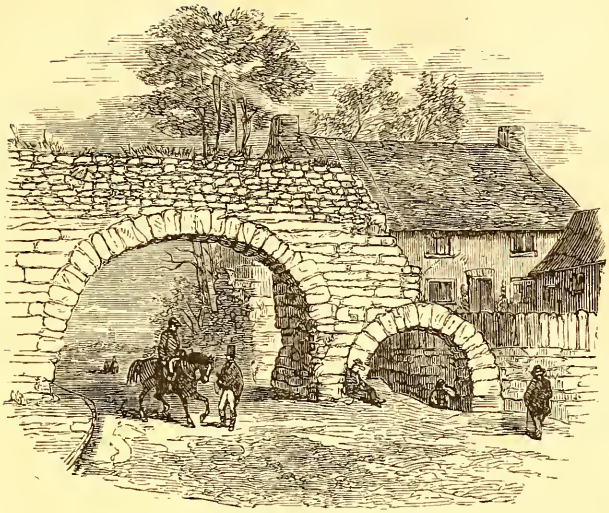
broken by this his awful bereavement, following so soon after your sister Anne's death. Upon that bed he lay for nearly two days, without food or speech, until, as he says, a scene most spiritual and heavenly opened before him, in which appeared his two departed children, Anne and David, hand in hand, shining as angels, and smiling upon him. By that scene, whether real or imaginary, he was unspeakably relieved; and rising from his bed, then ministered to the consolation of others. The grave opened that year again, more than once or twice.

Other scenes of the spiritual world are related in the family concerning departed relatives; but, as I can attempt no explanation that would be certain, I forbear to narrate them. Whether they were mental illusions caused by exciting circumstances, such as Abercrombie, in his instructive book on the "Intellectual Powers" makes mention of, and explains, or whether they were realities, I cannot say. I would only observe, and have you remember, dear Sister, that we learn from Divine Revelation that there is a spiritual world. And for aught we know, it may be near to us; yea, in

the very midst of us. Matter may be no more in the way of spirits than spirits are in the way of matter. The light of education and science has of late much increased, and with its increase many of the darker superstitions and ghostly fears of mankind have fled away; but after the removal of these "vulgar errors," there still remains a world of spirits as certain as it was before. We ought not to discredit either the Scripture evidence for spiritual appearances, or what has been said by the saints of God in later times, concerning what they have seen in life and health, or in the dying-hour, of ministering angels and departed friends. Is all that so many Christians have spoken in their most solemn moments, on the appearance of waiting angels and spirits,—when the earthly house of their tabernacle was rending, and admitting glimpses of what was around,—to be disbelieved? Is heaven now farther off than before the modern systems of education were devised, or before Sir Isaac Newton made his great discoveries of the solar system? The celestial gates are not now more closed than they were of old. It may be that when we die, we shall find

the open door of our Father's house of many mansions not so distant from us as we had supposed.

Let me here add to what I have before related of our dear Mother's efforts for the salvation of her children, that when she perceived any religious concern had been awakened within them, she was more than ever tenderly and constantly attentive to them, both in words and prayers. She would caution them against relaxing into indifference, and encourage them, by the most gentle yet effective promptings, to seek the mercy of God by faith in Jesus Christ. But in doing this, she would not obtrude their case of godly sorrow openly before the family, by being too minute and personal in references to it. Yet the mourners for sin knew well that they were included in her subjects of prayer and conversation; and when in any instance deliverance from condemnation was obtained, she rejoiced greatly. If called away from home, folio sheets of counsel followed them in her large free handwriting: so that she literally ceased not to labor and to pray for their salvation.



Letter ix.

"Who now sows precious seed, though it may be
Too oft with weeping,
Shall, if he patiently await, see
A joyous reaping.

"Fruit shall be gathered, whose abundant store
Shall never perish;
But blissful love, where weeping shall be o'er,
For ever cherish.

"Then scatter freely, nor withhold thy hand
Till close of even:
Earth is the place of toil—the better land
Of rest is heaven."

THOMAS DAVIS.

I MUST not omit to say, that our dear Mother's endeavors for the conversion of her relatives were not confined to her own children. All her kindred were remembered: those living at a distance were daily prayed for; and they were affectionately written to, and personally visited, for their religious benefit. Perhaps this duty, of personal and direct endeavor for the salvation of relatives, is one which really pious persons are not unfrequently found more diffident to discharge than almost any other. Some Christians can speak of the things of God to strangers with comparative confidence; but feel it exceedingly difficult, and even irksome, to be faithful with those who are immediately related to them. And yet, if this diffidence were once broken through and overcome, from whom is pious advice or warning more likely to have a saving effect than from one's own kindred? Sincerity of affection can scarcely be doubted when the faithful words come from such a quarter. And if the exhortation or warning were coldly received at first, reflection would, most probably, give force to it, sooner or later.

Several instances might be named of our dear

Mother's success in this direction. I will record one instance: that of your uncle, Mr. James Caborn, of Beverley, now my father-in-law. He was, up to an advanced period of life, a man of the world, and indulged freely in its pleasures. He was greatly attached to our dear Mother; but for years perseveringly withstood her earnest entreaties, as also the tearful solicitations of his aged father, to abandon the unsatisfactory and dangerous way of sin, and turn to God. His state for some time had pressed very heavily upon her mind, led her to think of him often, and to pray much for him; as well as frequently to write him long and affectionate letters.

Towards the end of the year 1820, she had become more than ever concerned for him, and had frequently spoken of him to her family. The close of the year, as well as the beginning, you know, is, by its special religious services, a season of very solemn interest to Wesleyan Methodists. There was then the early Christmas morning service at five o'clock, when the stars, as silent preachers of light and beauty, would be seen shining brightly overhead, to remind the worship-

per, on his way to the Christian sanctuary, of the angel "watchers and holy ones," who sang in the hearing of the shepherds of Bethlehem the Saviour's incarnation-hymn. There is the WATCH-NIGHT service, when, at the departure of the old year,—after the example of primitive Christians,—the saints "a holy vigil keep" in the house of God, until, amidst the reflective and prayerful silence of a crowded congregation bowed before the Lord, the clock proclaims the entrance of another year; and suddenly "the solemn midnight song" is raised—

> "Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
> Roll round with the year;
> And never stand still till the Master appear!"

There is the RENEWAL OF THE COVENANT, on the afternoon of the first Sabbath in the new year, when the members of the Methodist Society assemble in their principal chapels, and formally enter into covenant with God that they will in that year, and all their lives through, devote themselves to him; and when they publicly seal their covenant at the table of the Lord. Such services at this season of family association natu-

rally lead to serious thoughts of duties to be performed to absent friends and relatives; and on returning from the watch-night service, Mother, after reading a passage from the Acts of the Apostles relating to evangelistic journeying, said, it was deeply impressed upon her mind that she must go to Beverley this year, to personally urge her brother to seek the salvation of his soul; and that if the Lord spared her till the summer, she would go. She accordingly went—journeying by coach on the old Roman road, which leads through "Newport Gate," represented at the head of this letter, and which has stood there not less than eighteen hundred years—as far as Barton-on-Humber, and then crossing the water to Hull, proceeded to her native town. Her brother rejoiced to see her, though her presence was felt at first to be a partial restraint upon him. He spent much time with her, heard what she had to say, and went with her to the house of God on the Sabbath; but still he seemed unmoved. The time drew near for her return home; and she spoke of leaving on the following day; but said that before she left, there was one request which

she had specially to prefer. Her brother said he would accede to it, if he could. She said it was, that he would not only attend public worship in the chapel, but also the early Sabbath morning prayer-meeting. He pleaded that he could not do that; for the persons attending would be so much surprised to see him there, that he should feel uneasy and ashamed among them. But she repeated the request, and urged it on the ground of her own personal affection. He at length consented; and from that time entered upon a decidedly religious course of life. His inward and spiritual change was soon manifest; and from that period he has been a devoted and exemplary servant of the Lord, spending much of his time in visiting the sick and the poor, after the example of his father and sister.

But, as I have already observed, our dear Mother's devout concern was not only for her own family and relatives, for the needy and the afflicted, but also for all others who came in any way under her influence. She was earnestly anxious for the salvation of servants, and of persons whom she employed in her business. They were not only

present at our daily worship, but she spoke to them on their spiritual need, privately, and at convenient times. She showed her interest in their temporal welfare,—not professing good-will to their souls while "oppressing the hireling in his wages,"—and thus was the more trustfully listened to when she approached religious topics. With happy ease—for her devout habit rendered it easy to her—she inquired into their thoughts and purposes concerning religion, and presented to them the most impressive and encouraging motives for decision: such as the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the Divine assurances of guidance and blessing for those who devote themselves to the service of the Lord. There were invitations given to attend the public ministration of God's word: the offer of a seat in the chapel: arrangements made for their attendance at religious festivals and on week-night services; and afterwards there was conversation with them on what they had seen and heard. Exhortations and appeals that drew tears would follow; and they were not in vain; for she was instrumental in bringing into the way of life several who were employed by her, and

also in extending the influence of religion to their families and friends. O that Christian professors, universally, would follow her blessed example in this respect; and where they have servants, and persons under their daily direction, remember that such are not to be viewed as mere instruments for temporal gain; but, in a large degree, as so many trusts committed to them by Divine Providence; and that for their salvation the persons employing them are, in a great measure, responsible!

But beyond her own household, our Mother exercised an influence which extended farther into the world than its giddy devotees suspected. Her blended cheerfulness and good sense rendered her the chosen guide and counsellor of many, of all ages and of all classes. Her house was as open as her heart. The young freely came to her for sympathy and counsel; and not less so those in mature life. The rich, with whom she had much to do in her business, she attracted and won to her by consistency of Christian deportment. She was instant in season and out of season for doing good; so that whatever might be the nature or pressure of her engagement, she had still some

words and time for Christ. Not a few contrived reasons for visiting her, so that they might have the opportunity of hearing her speak on the peaceful and pleasant way of godliness. Sometimes, after serious conversation, she would lead such visitors into her chamber to pray with them. Now and then, her inquiries into personal conduct would be too searching, especially if former counsel had been neglected; and any repetition of the pious lesson would be evaded, if possible. But she usually succeeded in her object.

There was one case, I remember hearing her name, of a lady who drove up to the door, put on an appearance of great haste, and said she must have what she wanted immediately, for she had not a moment to spare. The lady was quickly attended to; but when she was about to depart, Mother gently, yet impressively, asked, "May I hope that since you were here you have been making good speed for the kingdom of heaven?" "Ah!" replied the lady, "that was what I really was afraid of, and which made me be in haste. I expected you would say something to me again concerning religion; and since I was with you, I

have been so foolish and trifling in my conduct, that I am truly ashamed. I thought I should not know how to answer you, if you spoke to me as you did before." Mother pressed upon her the necessity of seriousness; the lady stayed for a considerable time, conversed on the vanity of the world, and the value of religion; and, as it afterwards appeared, not without spiritual profit.

Another instance recurs to my memory. A lady from —— Hall drove up to our door in her carriage. It was her first visit; and while naming her business, she manifested a degree of urbane frankness which won greatly upon our Mother's heart. "I must speak to her respecting another world," said Mother, when the lady was gone, "and I must pray for her." The lady soon came again; entered herself on more general conversation, and said, "I am surprised, Mrs. Jobson, at your being able to bear so many cares, apparently with so much ease, and with so large a family." As usual, this was ascribed to the gracious help of God, and occasion was taken to enlarge on his unfailing goodness in aiding all who trust in him. The lady soon opened her own case, and acknow-

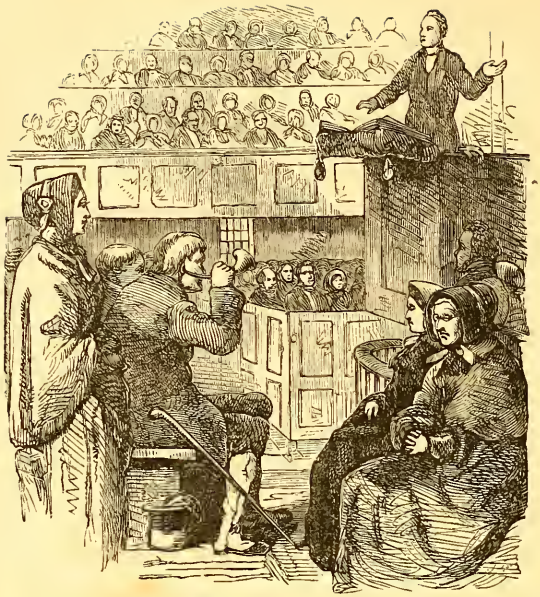
ledged how much she was troubled with the charge of her station and family. Mother showed her the great responsibility of her situation: the necessity of personal religion for discharging its duties aright; and how that religion was to be obtained. The lady was much impressed by what she heard, and returned to her carriage bathed in tears. Afterwards the lady called again to say what she had done. She had sought the Lord: had put away Sabbath-breaking from her family and household: established family prayer; and herself began to read sermons and prayers with her children and servants. The lady lived for some years to be a blessing to the poor of the village and neighborhood, and then died in the peace of God.

Other instances might be given, proving how our Mother was fully awake to the duty of abiding with God in her calling. And it should be observed, that it is in daily life where religion is seen by persons of the world, and where it is most likely to win their attention. They cannot witness the believer's pleadings in the closet, and in the family; while the house of God has little

or no attraction for them. The power of Christianity would indeed be mighty for the conversion of mankind, if all its professors were earnest to let it be seen in their common business, and were faithful to speak words in season for their Divine Master, while transacting its daily concerns. Then "Holiness to the Lord" being "written upon the bells of the horses," would sanctify trade and commerce, and render them subservient to the glory of Christ.

Even while travelling, and among strangers, our dear Mother did not forget the cause of her Redeemer. Her easy and affable manner enabled her to speak of religion pleasantly, and to win the attention and sympathy of those with whom she was thus casually brought into companionship. Even thoughtless and profane persons were won over to serious thoughts by her mode of introducing the subject to them. Coming one time in the coach to London, she had with her, as fellow-passengers, two gay, dissipated youths, who spoke of their exploits and adventures with such libertine emphasis, that their language grew unbecoming for modest ears. She began to re

monstrate with them, but mildly, so as to prevent their rejection of her interference. They apologized; and then she advanced to greater seriousness, which awed and impressed them. And now she spoke of the great superiority of a holy life to their course of gayety and dissipation, and showed them what true enjoyment there is in the peace and friendship of God, till they were moved with inward feeling, and their eyes filled with tears. At the end of their journey, they testified their esteem for her; and she separated from them, hoping that in a future day it might appear, that conversation with her in the stage-coach had been for their everlasting benefit.



Letter x.

"So shall we still resort
To Sion's hallowed court,
And lift the heart to Him who reigns above:
Then, home returning, muse
On sweet and solemn views,
Or fill the void with acts of holy love:
Then lay us down in peace, to think we've given
Another precious day to fit our souls for heaven!"

BISHOP MANT.

From what I have already related, you will be prepared to learn that our dear Mother had great

delight in the public services of the sanctuary. Her place there was seldom empty, whether on the Sabbath or the week-day, when the gates were open. She was a true lover of Zion, and could say with David, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thy honor dwelleth." Like that distinguished saint, she felt the deprivation of the house of God more than earthly calamity, if sickness, or any other circumstance, prevented her attendance. When detained at home, she still showed that in spirit she was there; and at such times it was her practice to have, as far as possible, a similar service in her own house: to sing, pray, read the Scriptures, sing again, read a sermon, and again sing and pray at the time they were likely to do so who were at the house of the Lord.

When present at public worship, it was very seldom an unprofitable season for herself. Of course, some ministers were more suited to her than others, in their modes of exhibiting and enforcing the truth. But if the gospel were veritably preached, she was satisfied, and made no complaint on account of the preacher's manner or

style. She was not driven to religion by terrors at the beginning. Then, and ever afterwards, she was drawn by the love of Christ. This was the golden cord with which the Lord drew her to himself at the first; and throughout her course, she was attached to the Redeemer by it. A sermon without Christ, however logical or eloquent, would have been to her, as it must be to every Christian hungering and thirsting after righteousness, a splendid mockery, a gilded deception. Christ was to her all and in all; and if not found in a sermon, her soul would indeed have been disappointed and sorrowful. Happily, in Methodism, there is little reason for disappointment in this respect; and of each minister, as he came in his itinerant course, she felt and spoke as though he were to be preferred before all others.

Of one thing she seemed especially careful: not at any time to speak of a minister before her family in such a strain as to lessen their esteem towards him. As the messenger of God to them, as well as to herself, he was always spoken of with reverence and affection. It is not to be supposed that ministers, as fallible men, are free

from imperfections. Yet these, where seen, she never dwelt upon or magnified; but would uniformly deprecate the evil of unreserved remarks and criticisms, by parents before their children, on the character, style, or manner of Christian ministers. She was accustomed to say that the evils of such a practice were incalculable: that it prevented reception of the truth, suppressed devout thoughts, turned many aside from the Church of their fathers, and prepared them to tread the broad path of an ungodly, censorious world, that leads to destruction. And I am constrained to testify, that I have personally known some sorrowful proofs of the truth of these remarks,—of parents discovering, when too late, the evil they have inflicted on their offspring; and though not without hope in the mercy of God for themselves, yet being pierced with sharp thorns in their dying moments, on their children's account.

There were no such painful reflections for our dear departed parent. She was a real help, and not a hindrance to these servants of God. She was their avowed friend; and her house was easy of access to them, so that the visits both of the

aged and of the youthful ministers were frequent. She was a companion to the one, and a sort of foster-mother to the other. Always ready to sympathize with them in their cares, and to aid them in their endeavors, few were stationed in Lincoln by whom she was not deeply regarded and highly valued.

As you may suppose, many happy hours were passed within the family circle, in friendly and reverential association with the ministers who came and went successively in their itinerant course. The elder ministers related their experience of early Methodism, and described the work of God as it was carried on under Wesley and his helpers in the gospel. And many an instructive or amusing anecdote would be told by them, as you may suppose, of Mather or Pawson, of Bardsley or Bradburn, of Coke or Benson. The younger ministers spoke of discussions at the Conference, by the men of their day, and of their own strong yearnings for the growth and prosperity of the cause of Christ in the circuit to which they had come. And with all, whether young or old, there would be the worship of God around the

domestic hearth. It is true, that mingled with these enjoyments there were sorrowful thoughts of losing such friends, when their two or three years of itinerant labor in the Lincoln Circuit should expire. But though it was felt then, as it is often felt now, that this law of periodical change in the stations of Methodist ministers is a stern and painful law, as affecting individual friendships, yet the general advantage resulting from it to the Church at large cannot be doubted. It not only supplies to each circuit the greatest variety of gifts for edification; but prevents any of the societies from sinking down into dead formality. The sending forth of fresh ministers into the circuits, by the yearly Conference, is like infusing new and vigorous blood into all the veins of the system. They who speak dubiously of this part of the working of Methodism, and ask if it be not time to alter it, do not consider how this very arrangement binds the Connection together in the bonds of sympathy and affection. Nor are they, perhaps, aware what strong wishes are often expressed, by both ministers and people of other Christian communities, to secure a variety of gifts

for edification, by some such regulation as that of the Methodist itinerancy.

I may also add here, that the supposed improvements of Church government, or the inconsistent conduct of Christian professors, were not unguardedly spoken of before the younger members of the family. She was careful not to say any thing against the Church to which she desired her children to belong, or against its members with whom she hoped to see them associated. Her discretion and good sense were as evident here as in other parts of her exemplary conduct. She was not so unreasonable as to expect that her children would readily unite themselves to a Church censured by their parents, or seek fellowship with its members often blamed for inconsistency. Perhaps the want of similar discretion on the part of some Methodist parents may, to no inconsiderable extent, account for the lack of greater increase to the respective societies, from the families of Methodism.

Our Mother's exemplary diligence in the use of the services and ordinances of religion, was the true secret of her excellence and usefulness.

Many profess a desire to be good and useful, but do not employ the appointed means for becoming so. They complain of their spiritual "leanness," their want of Divine consolation, and that they do nothing for Christ; but they do little more than complain. How unreasonable is this! Spiritual ends are no more to be attained without appropriate means than those which are temporal. The laws regulating them are as certain and fixed in the one case as in the other. If we would be "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," we must wait upon him for that strength, and for its daily renewal. The Bible promises neither strength nor comfort to slothful servants. All eminent saints have been diligent in religion; and not only diligent, but methodical. No name ever given by the world to a company of the pious was more fitting and truthful than that given to the first "Methodists." And our Mother was one who in her conduct illustrated the name.

I do not mean that she was a slave to method. It is possible to become so: to attach ourselves to stated and particular observances, until all real worth of character is lost in minuteness and form-

alism. Our Mother saw the importance of method without overvaluing it. She had her rules for the service of God. She enlisted on its behalf the great power of habit, knowing that it would surely tend to strengthen her love for the ways of wisdom, and make them easy and delightful.

Thus it was that, with all her multiplied engagements of family and business, the regularity of her attendance at the house of God was unbroken. Love is an ingenious principle, and in most cases will find the way for obtaining its object. So her love for God, and her desire to appear before him, overcame difficulties. To attend the public services of religion was a part of her plan of life. She made preparation for it in the arrangements of the week and of the day; and that not only for herself, but also for others. Entertainment of friends, and attention to business, might be pleasant or profitable; but with her, serving God was "the one thing needful;" and she would not allow that to be set aside by any friendly or temporal occupation.

Our dear Mother also highly valued the meetings of the Church for SOCIAL and UNITED PRAYER.

During many years she was strict in her attendance on the early Sabbath-morning prayer-meetings, though seldom or never able to retire to rest until after midnight of Saturday. This she did both winter and summer. On the week-day prayer-meetings she was likewise a diligent attendant; for she had faith in the Divine promises relating to the united and consentient supplications of the Church.

The Holy Scriptures give evident importance to the associated prayers of God's people. They speak of "fellowship" and of "striving together" in prayer. It is declared, that the gathering together of two or three in the name of Christ secures his presence; and he has expressly said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Such united and agreed prayers, in which your Mother joined, are stimulative of earnest desire and entreaty. By them, heart speaks to heart, and voice to voice, until, instead of isolated and feeble cries, there is the besieging supplication of a great multitude, which is as the sound of many

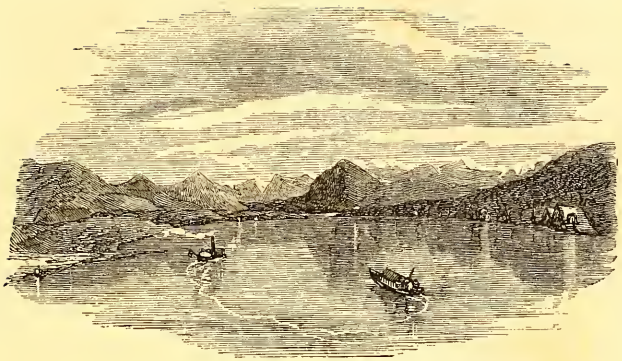
waters, and of mighty thunderings before the throne. And He who has ordained that "the poor" are to "use entreaties," and has written in his holy word, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," will undoubtedly bless and prosper them who thus associate themselves before him for prayer and supplication.

Indeed, in all the social means of grace so prominent in Methodism, our Mother had great delight, as I have already stated. I have before alluded to her love for the weekly class-meeting; and that was a proof of the spirituality of her religion. She experienced none of that occasional lukewarmness which renders some professors unwilling to bear inquiry into their spiritual state. Her religious life was of such a tenor that she had always something to say which redounded to God's glory, increased her own grateful sense of his goodness, and which was edifying to others. Of the more restricted social meeting, termed among Wesleyans the "BAND," she discerned the special value, as one whose aim it was to walk closely with God. Some finer parts of the be-

liever's experience will not bear to be exposed in a class of fifteen or twenty persons; but require a more select, as well as a more intimate and confidential fellowship. Even of the twelve companions chosen by Christ, there were three only—Peter, James, and John—whom he took with him to the more retired scenes of Tabor and Gethsemane, and to whom he revealed the interior joys and sorrows of his soul; while, of these three, there was one who bore emphatically the title of "that disciple whom Jesus loved." So our Mother, whose social and friendly tendencies were most decided, had her one chosen and intimate Christian friend, with whom she met weekly, to converse on the deep things of God. Some of these select meetings seem to have been seasons of extraordinary spiritual power and enjoyment. There were times when she and her companion in band were overpowered by the Divine Presence, so that they ceased to speak to one another, gazed with awe and wonder, and bowed in silent adoration before the Lord. They realized

> "The speechless awe which dares not move,
> And all the silent heaven of love."

At the monthly FELLOWSHIP-MEETINGS, and at the quarterly LOVEFEASTS, she not unfrequently gave her testimony concerning the saving grace of God. But at these more general gatherings of the members of Society, she was far from being forward or obtrusive. There was marked calmness and modesty in her demeanor, though she was never ashamed of Christ. She evidently spoke to glorify her Father in heaven, and to magnify his saving mercy. There was great simplicity and transparency in these testimonies which she gave before the assembled Church. Yet her thoughts were often clothed in fervid words which kindled the glow of holy feeling in others. And from the piercing views of the spiritual world which she expressed, and from what she had to relate of Divine visitations, all felt that she lived near to heaven, and, in spirit at least, would not have far to go at death.



Letter xi.

"When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles Divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine."

WESLEY.

To seek daily counsel and spiritual food from the word of God, and, at times, from the writings of holy men and women, is most closely interwoven with all our conceptions of the portraiture of a true Christian. I have already said that our dear Mother very early acquired a love for reading; and this continued with her through life.

Seldom a day passed without some addition being made to her mental store from a religious book; and never without a devout perusal of some portion of Holy Scripture. Sometimes, perhaps, she read too long in the evening, considering her active and multifarious exercises during the day.

She had great delight in religious biographies; and next to the Bible, perhaps there is no description of reading more directly profitable to the soul than this. Indeed, the Bible itself, by its large amount of biographical representations of truth, would support this statement. While we trace the work of God in the lives of his servants, we are learning by example, which is, proverbially, more powerful than precept. We are also stimulated to effort by observing how the heights of excellence have been attained; for the natural argument in the mind is, that if we use the like diligent means, and display the like earnestness, we may be as good and holy as those of whom we read. On this account, our Mother highly prized the Wesleyan Magazine. And it deserves to be esteemed as one of the richest libraries of Christian biography, containing, as it does, through

the series of its monthly numbers for three-quarters of a century, accounts of the lives and deaths of Christians distinguished by their excellence. Among separate memoirs, those of Wesley, Doddridge, De Renty, Fletcher, Longden, Stoner, Lady Maxwell, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Rowe, and Mrs. Rogers, were her favorites. There was much in such memoirs to suit her ardent spirit. Some of them were her closet books; and others which were conveniently portable, such as Mrs. Rowe's "Devout Exercises of the Heart," and the "Life of Hester Ann Rogers," she used to carry in her pocket, to read in snatches of time. I have them now, among my most precious relics; and they bear marks of having been well used: they do not look like books left to repose on shelves, or to be shown on drawing-room tables.

I need scarcely state that Wesley's writings were eagerly and thoughtfully read by our dear Mother. Their compact, energetic style; their substantial and cogent reasonings; their unaffected pathos; their expositions of Christian doctrine, so full and clear, and yet so utterly free and unencumbered of a waste of words, had charms for

her, which drew her to them most frequently. His "Sermons" and his "Journals" were not read once, and then dismissed; but perused again and again, until their substance was transfused into her mind, and she comprehended the genius of Wesley, and of Wesleyan Methodism.

In noting some of the closet-books of your departed Mother, the Wesleyan Hymn-book must not be forgotten. It was an especial favorite with her, as it must be with all who have been accustomed to employ it in their devotions. Expressing, as it does, every variety of religious experience,—from that of the "half-awakened child of man," who suddenly, under spiritual conviction, feels that he is standing all unprepared on the brink of an awful eternity, to that of the matured Christian, exulting with the thought of taking his

——"last triumphant flight
From Calvary to Zion's height;"

and this with the truest poetic power and fervor,—there can be no wonder that it should be a favorite with Wesleyans, or the fertile source from which numerous "spiritual songs" are taken

by other sects of Christians in the composition of their several hymn-books. Dr. Johnson asserts that sacred poetry must of necessity be inferior. That the colossal critic was mistaken, this incomparable hymn-book proves; as do also the writings of Milton and Young, of Cowper and Watts. If poetry be the appropriate language of feeling and passion, then it must be remembered that religion exercises the strongest feelings and passions of human nature. And if love be the great inspiring theme of the poet, as it has been in all ages, under one form or other, then religion presents the theme purified and exalted above all that is merely earthly, and admits of the very highest intensity of treatment, inasmuch as the Object of the Christian's love is himself emphatically "the Holy and the High."

But the beauty and value of the book are not to be doubted. How many hearts has it subdued by its penitential strains! for others besides the gentle Herbert have been first brought to repentance under devotional songs. How many it has led to the cross to "behold the Saviour of mankind!" as it did the subject of this memoir. How

many has it inspired, in new filial confidence, to exclaim,—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, 'Father, Abba, Father,' cry!"

In almost every Methodist lovefeast that verse may be heard repeated more than once; and next to the words of Holy Scripture, none are so often found upon the lips of dying Wesleyans as words from their hymn-book. In this joyful exercise, it may be observed, they maintain the primitive spirit of Christianity which descended from heaven in song; and they pattern after the first Christians, who were noted by Pliny and others for singing hymns to Christ; yea, they imitate their great Exemplar, the Saviour himself, who, before he went out to be betrayed, sang a hymn with his disciples; and who, in giving up his spirit, breathed it forth in the language of the twenty-second psalm. Unnumbered thousands sing these hymns every week, throughout the world; and by their tuneful employ here, are

preparing to join in the song of Moses and the Lamb. Well then may Methodists love their hymn-book, and, next to the Bible, prize it as their greatest treasure. Mother so prized it, and not only sang its contents fervently in public and in domestic worship, but by "speaking to herself" through its spiritual songs in the closet, she fed the flame of her devotion.

Indeed, all books strongly stimulating to devotional thought and feeling which came in her way, she readily seized to aid her in the service of God. She knew well that the inward life of religion must be daily fed and nourished by such means; and that if the mind were left to supply from itself its own spiritual food, it would soon relapse into formalism, and there would remain only the dead statue in place of the living and active Christian. Experience taught her that religion, in its highest form of communion with God, is *devotional*,—not consisting of hard intellectual exercises, but in reverential wonder, gratitude, and love; and that her numerous engagements in her family, and in business, if not counteracted in their influence by devout thought and

meditation, would remove from her all tender susceptibility of spiritual impression, and leave her carnal and worldly. She, therefore, gladly availed herself of any manual, or book of devotion, that would aid in the "lifting up of her heart unto the Lord." And no doubt it was this daily experience of holy contemplation which gave to her countenance that calm and spiritual serenity which ever seemed to beam upon it from above.

For "the human face divine" is a far more certain index of the mind within, than the contradictory "developments" which phrenologists so minutely map out upon the head. A child—yea, an irrational animal which is much in the company of man—can understand the expressions of the human countenance; and hers could not be mistaken even by the most casual observer. She was not a recluse, as you must have learned; and yet her mind, in its memory and imagination, was hallowed and sanctified by holy employ, as shown by her spiritual references and allusions, when relating the past, or when speaking of creation or providence. Indeed, her mind seemed to have ever reflected upon it "the patterns of things in the

heavens," just as may be seen in some clear, beautiful lake,—say that of Lucerne, (faintly represented at the head of this letter,) when reposing amidst the giant mountains which surround it, and "glassing" in its calm, unruffled surface the bright clouds that are above it at mid-day.

I may here remark, in passing, that our Mother was careful in the selection of books not only for herself, but also for her family. She had a quick and lively perception of the value of useful information, and was ever ready to encourage the reading of books that would strengthen the intellect and refine the taste; but no book of a dubious or questionable character, however amusing or attractive, would be allowed to her children. She was not only of cheerful, but also of buoyant and sportive nature. She had a keen sense of the ludicrous; and when words, persons, or things, became oddly or incongruously associated, she had both relish and laughter for them. But this playfulness of disposition was not indulged by revelry in books of fiction, and in light and trifling literature, which would have interfered with religious seri-

ousness, and destroyed spiritual earnestness. Nor would she allow her family, under the plea of knowing what was passing in the world, to have for their use books that were doubtful as to their moral and religious principles and tendencies, however brilliant and enchanting they might be in their dress and style.

In this respect, as in others, she exercised the authority committed to her in the government of her family; and "commanded her household after her." She knew well how to separate the chaff from the wheat; and securing what was strong and nourishing, she cast away the weak and worthless from her.

This is a subject which ought in these times, when there is so much light and trashy reading to enfeeble the understanding, and so much semi-infidelity put forth under the guise of periodical literature, to engage the earnest attention of Christian parents, who would preserve the mental and religious health of their children. The former generations of God's people were not so well read in the newspapers and periodicals of their day; but they fed their minds with stronger and more

substantial food; and in consequence they were more robust and less pliable Christians.

The BIBLE, however, was *the* book with our dear Mother. She loved it for the sake of Him to whom she had given her heart, and whose will it unfolds and declares. She read it regularly in daily portions; and though not always from beginning to end, yet so as to learn for herself, and make known to her household, *all* the words which God has commanded. She usually selected the reading from it according to her experience and spiritual wants. The practice was wise; though perhaps it is too little observed among believers in general. Whether for family reading, or for the closet, every portion of Scripture is not alike edifying; while there are seasons of experience to which some portions are very specially adapted. The diligent and habitual Christian ought to have such a complete acquaintance with the word of God, as to be able to turn to these portions at once. It surely is not the "more excellent way," in trouble and bereavement, to be reading through long genealogical lists, or bare historical records, when we can turn to the profound wisdom of the

Book of Job, the sweet consolations of the Psalms, the thrilling farewell address of Christ to his disciples, and the tender narrative of the sorrowing family at Bethany.

From the pages of Mother's Bible which are most worn, it is clear that she was very strongly attracted by the Epistles of St. Paul. His fervid expressions of love to Christ, his large-souled, glowing language, when seeking to embody in forms of speech his wonder as well as his gratitude for the scheme of redemption, were sure to touch a responsive chord in her adoring mind. In the Old Testament, the Psalms were evidently her most frequent resort; and there her devout heart would readily find the expressions most fitly denoting her grateful feelings for the Divine goodness and mercy.

She loved the law of the Lord; and in its own beautiful words, might be said to feed upon it, as upon "the finest of the wheat, and honey out of the rock." This scriptural food, daily received, proved richly nutritious to her; for she grew up a strong and healthy Christian. By observing its holy precepts, and realizing its cheering promises,

she walked in unshaken confidence with the great Keeper of Israel. Her loving value for the blessed Book might be seen even in the outward care she took of it. The family Bible was not left on any table or desk indifferently, as if it were an ordinary book. It was carefully put into its place, after being read; and she would not allow any thing, except the hymn-book, to be placed upon it. She opened and closed it reverently; and, though worn by frequent use, it was always kept in good repair. She was also an advocate for a superior copy of the Bible, such as by its size and clearness of type, as well as by its appearance in other respects, gave it outward preëminence over uninspired books, and rendered it surpassingly attractive to the reader. The sneerer may term all this "Bibliolatry;" but she would not have heeded the sneerer. She taught her family, even by these outward circumstances, to honor the Book of the Lord; knowing that they who honored it would be most likely to honor its Divine Author.

There can be no doubt that by her close study of the Holy Scriptures she was perpetually led to

strive for deeper religion; while her perusal of such biographies and devotional books as I have mentioned, helped to bring home to her mind the conviction that the entire holiness which the Bible inculcates is not, as some think, a blessing out of date, and scarcely to be realized in modern times. She saw that the Book of Divine Revelation sets forth clearly three progressive states of Christian experience,—pardon, cleansing from sin, and being filled with the Spirit. She discerned that those who have been most devoted to God in modern times have attained these blessings; and she could not rest without realizing them, and thus becoming a scriptural and an eminent Christian. I have already spoken of her clear experience of the forgiveness of sin; and she gave proof that she was not only justified, but washed and sanctified; for she testified by a spotless life that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." The doctrine of "Entire Sanctification" is undoubtedly found in the word of God; and the Wesleyan Methodists profess to believe and teach it. What is more especially needed is to spread the conviction of its truth, by showing its influence in prac-

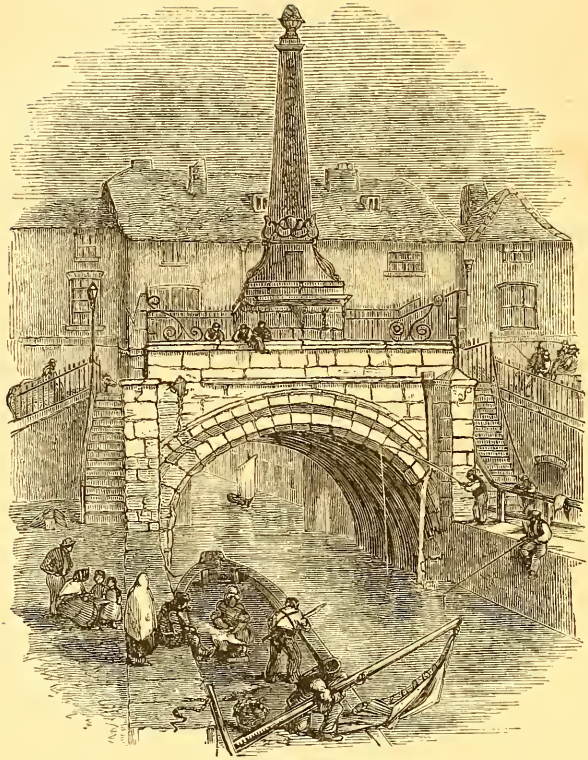
tical life, and that they should be in this, as in other respects, "living epistles, known and read of all men." This our Mother did. Her graces were not fitful and uncertain in their lustre. She did not dissipate by any sudden gust of temper all she had previously obtained by months of prayer and watchfulness, but showed in her daily course the beauty of holiness. I can truly say, that neither in the twenty-two years I was closely in her care, nor at any after time, did I once see her in a state of mind which could lead me to doubt her immediate preparedness for eternity. Strangers who shall read these Letters, may attribute what I have just said to the over-partiality of a son's affection; but friends who knew her well, will be ready to sustain me in what I have here stated.

Nor was hers a merely negative state of salvation. She experienced, not only cleansing from sin and its pollution, but also the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. She had a constant fellowship with God; and in her conversation and experience there was that realizing intercourse and communion with the Triune Godhead, which we read and hear of

from the most eminent Christians. She spoke of, and prayed distinctly to, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Examples of this may be found in the lives of the saints I have already named, and with which she was familiar. Together with such holy experience, she had a fulness of spiritual possession. She was not only preserved "unspotted from the world" and "blameless," but was "the temple of God," and had "the Spirit of God dwelling in her." She dwelt in God, and God in her. The words of Christ were fulfilled to her: "If any man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." She was "filled with the Spirit," and proved personally the meaning of the apostle's inspired and comprehensive prayer for being, not only "strengthened with the Spirit's might in the inner man," and having "Christ dwelling in the heart by faith," but for being "filled with all the fulness of God."

Holiness produced in her so much joy that none can understand it, unless they possess similar spirituality. Understand it many did not; and

yet the world saw that she was a completely "happy woman." That was the impression she made on all who knew her. It was the phrase by which she was usually characterized; and when she died, the public notice of her death by an unknown hand in the county newspaper recorded, "This diligent and *happy* Christian departed this life," etc. It would be well indeed if newspapers were constrained by the force of truth to record the same of every professing disciple of Christ who departs this life.



Letter xii.

"Life is real, Life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal:
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

* * * * *

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate:
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

LONGFELLOW.

SOME years after her union with Methodism, and when her spiritual character and zeal for Christian labor were seen and marked by the Church, our Mother was urged to become a class-leader. She hesitated to be thus employed for some time. The great responsibility of having the care of souls formally committed to her for religious instruction and counsel, and the multitude and weight of her engagements at home, caused this hesitation. She was also deeply attached to the class in which she had met from the commencement of her Wesleyan life; for after the death of her first leader, Mr. Sproule, and when the class was intrusted to Mr. Bainbridge, she still continued to meet in it, and that with great profit both to herself and her religious associates.

At length, by the earnest persuasions of ministers, in their successive appointments to the circuit, she was induced to surrender her own will

to what she believed to be the will of God, expressed by his servants, and became a class-leader.

And, as might be supposed, she filled the office intelligently and faithfully. She could not fail to be fitted for it, from her own clear Christian experience, her varied knowledge of the world, her stores of Scripture lessons, her extensive acquaintance with the memoirs of the most devoted saints of God, and from her aptness to teach. Yet our Mother did not rely on what she was already; but on taking the office endeavored to qualify herself more fully for it. While reading books, and observing character and human life, she now more particularly considered what edifying lessons could be deduced from them, and be turned to the spiritual benefit of the members of her class. We have found notes and memoranda on slips of paper, showing that this was her practice.

Indeed, the strong sense she had of the importance and advantage of suitable preparation for their great work, by Wesleyan class-leaders, was one of the reasons which deterred her from entering into that office sooner. And her views on this subject

were undoubtedly correct. The discharge of such duty ought not to be left to merely impulsive thought, or to a happy presence of mind. That is a gift possessed by some favored persons; but the readiest thinker is not always the soundest. Diligent and careful preparation should be made for giving suitable advice. Sometimes this should be guided by what the leader knows of the physical constitution of those under his or her care, or of their mental idiosyncrasy. Whether caution or encouragement be needed, the peculiar character and circumstances of the person addressed should be weighed before it is given. The very manner, as well as the words in which advice is given, should be adapted to the timid or to the strong. The wisdom of such an institution as that of the weekly class is shown by the fact, that it enables a leader to become well acquainted with the state of those who compose it. This immense advantage should not be lost to Christ's Church by the doling out of a few worn generalities alike to the lambs and sheep of the flock: the leader should perform his or her task with diligence, with vigor, and with tenderness; and for this service

the intelligence naturally possessed should be ripened by meditation.

Our dear Mother was held to be a very efficient class-leader; and soon was surrounded by fully as many as could meet together with profit. She made all feel that they were really cared for. Absentees were speedily visited; and if they were in trouble or sick, they readily found sympathy and relief. She was careful also to train her members to usefulness, taking such of them with her to visit the sick and the poor as she judged most fit; and then giving them cases to visit by themselves. Among her members were several intelligent young persons who are now the wives of missionaries or ministers in the Connection, while others became distinguished for usefulness in Lincoln.

Addressing these letters to a Sister, and writing of a Mother, it will not be out of place for me to express a thought or two, as I pass along, on the importance of right views concerning female agency in the Christian Church. I hold it to be a great error to maintain that your sex, my dear Sister, has no veritable mission in that Church,

and ought to be viewed merely as man's associate, her own family's nurse, and the administratrix, simply, of domestic concerns.

It is true that offices of rule and government are not open to her in the Church of Christ, any more than they are in the State. Except in particular cases, it does not seem that woman is intended to be a public teacher therein: her constitution and sympathies usually unfit her for that; but she has nevertheless a sphere of her own. She cannot speak in loud clarion tones: her voice is rather that of the soft lute, soothing and alluring; but it is not the less powerful for its gentleness. No class of persons has contributed more largely to the Christian ministry, and to the Christian Church, than Christian females. Not only Timothy, the Wesleys, Cecil, and John Newton, but thousands more, who have been eminent by their usefulness, have acknowledged this. As the Rev. Angell James, of Birmingham, has written, "Millions have blessed God on earth, and will prolong the praise in heaven and through eternity, for pious mothers. Mothers, next to

ministers, have been the chief instruments of God in building up the Church."

Woman has no inconsiderable place among Scripture examples. Not to speak of the women of the older dispensation,—some of them the noblest female portraits on record,—we need only observe how women were chosen for his friends by the Saviour, and how truly they proved their devout attachment at the foot of the cross and at the door of the sepulchre. Women were also associated with the apostles in the first scenes of Christianity at Jerusalem; and we learn from St. Paul's tender salutations and greetings at the end of his epistles, how they continued to be valued for their labors among the saints.

Methodism is, as before stated, professedly a revival of apostolic Christianity; and it is shown to be so by its large adoption of female agency, as well as by other proofs. Holy women were helpers to Wesley: he associated with them, and even took counsel of them. In modern Methodism they are true deaconesses, and real "Sisters of Mercy." As class-leaders for their own sex.

visitors of the sick and poor, or Sunday-school teachers; as tract distributors, or collectors for missionary and other philanthropic undertakings, devoted and earnest females are sure to find opportunities of useful exertion; for Methodism gives all its members something to perform for Christ. This, no doubt, is one great secret of its large and rapid growth, not only in our own land, but in America and throughout the world. While pure in its doctrines, strict in its moral requirements, and searching in the weekly examinations of its members, it is, more than any other, a popular and expansive system. And this is the reason why Wesleyan Methodists so often speak of their system, and of its founder and great promoters—a habit which is not understood by other religious communities. It seems to them to savor of man-worship, or of giving honor to the human instruments instead of to the Almighty Worker. But it is not so. They gratefully praise and glorify God, rejoicing in the opportunities and means of usefulness which their Church affords them.

Our dear Mother did so. Its free and unre-

stricted doctrines of universal redemption, and its loud and earnest calls to sinners to come to Christ without delay and live, suited her affectionate and compassionate nature; and its system of agency furnished her with a sphere of usefulness such as she could not possibly find elsewhere, and in which she worked heartily and successfully to the end of her life.

She especially exulted in the great missionary undertakings of Methodism; and supported and promoted them to the extent which her means would admit. She read eagerly the monthly "Missionary Notices:" remembered the missionaries in her daily prayers: attended the monthly missionary prayer-meetings; and seemed often as near to heaven as she could be on earth, when hearing at public meetings of the triumphant progress of her Redeemer's kingdom in heathen lands. She always estimated, as well she might, the missionary who "hazards his life for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," as the most exalted and honorable of all Christian laborers.

Indeed, the Missionary Anniversary at Lincoln, as in other places, was the great Methodist festival

of the year. On the morning of that day, vehicles of various descriptions would be seen arriving from all the surrounding villages, and even from some of the neighboring market-towns. The gigs and carts would be placed in long rows, within the inn yards; while their owners would repair for refreshment to the houses of their friends in the city. At two o'clock, and before, the pavement on both sides of the street would be thronged with persons of all ages and conditions of life, citizens and rustics, pressing their way towards the chapel. The house of God would soon be filled,—the aisles, the gallery, the very stairs. The meeting would be opened by devotional exercises; and the chair occupied by some honorable citizen, or by some gentleman of the county well known by the agriculturists. The chairman would briefly explain the object to be promoted, and express his satisfaction and good-will towards it: the yearly report would then be read; and the successive speakers would afterwards address the assembly.

At length, the chief speaker would be called upon, immediately before the collection was made. Perhaps it would be William Dawson, not the less

loved in Lincolnshire because he was introduced as "the Yorkshire farmer." And a farmer he was, in look and appearance. That hardy and homely face, with the bushy brow, and the gray eyes twinkling beneath with such a store of latent humor and shrewdness,—the broad shoulders and burly port,—the brown coat, of no modern cut,—down to the well-worn, old-fashioned top-boots,—all marked him out as one of England's real yeomen, the genuine "sons of the plough." With a felicitous ingenuity that raised wonder in the minds of the hearers, he would liken the progress of gospel missions to the career of a victorious warrior; or to the mighty triumphs of the steam-engine, as beheld in the rapid flight of the railway-carriage, or in the steam-ship pursuing its course amidst raging winds and mountain billows. His mastery of allegory made you think that if John Bunyan could have risen from the dead and become a missionary speaker, your enjoyment could scarcely have been greater. And, ever and anon, amidst flashes of mother-wit, and imaginative illustrations bordering on the grotesque, there would be some weighty and profound saying, or

some climax to an appeal that reached the true sublime. You felt it was native genius that stood before you,—genius consecrated to the grandest and holiest of causes. Your fancy might be amused; but, above all, your judgment was enlightened and your heart improved by what you heard. The effect was not only seen by the cheerful zeal with which the audience poured their contributions into the missionary treasury; but you heard of those sayings, and of their practical and beneficial effects on men's lives, for months and years afterwards, both in the city and in the circuit.

Or it might be, that late in the meeting came the unequalled missionary pleader, Robert Newton. If he were long in coming, yet you knew that since he had engaged to come, he would be sure, if alive and well, to be present. So no real discouragement was felt, although the prior half of the meeting might not be so interesting as had been expected. Every one knew that when he should come, the feeling of the meeting would certainly be raised; for what missionary meeting ever failed with Robert Newton's presence? At length, he would be seen striding manfully up the

aisle, and on to the platform, while all eyes were fixed upon him. He had been long "on the wheels," as he would be sure to inform you before the meeting came to a close; but his appearance was fresh and healthy. Smiles all around, and many a fraternal grasp of the hand by his brethren on the platform, would greet him; and when he rose to speak, his grand form, that seemed a model for a Grecian sculptor: his manly, energetic visage: the fire and feeling of his fine dark eye: above all, the rich fulness, the majestic music, and thrilling power of his voice, (which reminded you of Keats's line,—

"That large utterance of the early gods,"—

so much did it dwarf the power of the voices of other men,) all combined to assure you that he had already triumphed and succeeded with his audience, although his appeal was only just begun.

But how different was the feast of oratory now, to that which you enjoyed when, on some former anniversary, Mr. Dawson had been the principal speaker. There was not the versatility, the wondrous power of passing "from grave to gay," and

still conveying the impressive lesson,—the play of imagery and allegory, which distinguished "the Yorkshire farmer:" all was now stately and dignified; or there was an occasional strain of feeling and tenderness, that shook the heart, thrilled the nerves, and made the tears flow from every eye; or there was an exultant burst of pious triumph, that sounded as if you had caught one note struck from Gabriel's harp in heaven, and that raised the instant, loud, and irrepressible response of "Glory to God!" from the crowd of the speaker's earnest listeners. Rapidly, and yet fully, the pleader descanted on the sinful and perishing condition of the heathen,—on the inestimable benefits conferred through the labors of the missionaries sent forth to spread the gospel of Christ,—on the future triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom,—or on the blessedness of those who coöperate; and then exhibiting human nature, by relating in his own felicitous manner what he had known or heard of the covetous or the liberal man, he appealed so potently and irresistibly to his hearers, that, though they wished the magnificent music of that voice still to be prolonged, they became impatient to

prove their eagerness to contribute, and to have the collection made.

A verse of a hymn; usually—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"—

sung to the incomparable air of the Old Hundredth—for that verse and tune seemed the only fitting medium by which the full hearts of the audience could be disburdened—then prayer and the benediction followed; and the people dispersed to Methodist homes in the city, to express to each other their delight with what they had heard, and, after refreshing themselves with tea, to sing and pray together, until it was time to proceed to the evening service, again to hear Robert Newton.

If you had two hours before conceived that he was created to plead on the missionary platform, you saw, now that he took his place in the pulpit, that he himself gratefully gloried far more in being privileged to preach the gospel of the Saviour. His rapt look, as he uttered in the richest tones and skilfullest cadences those unsurpassed hymns, so as to give the full meaning to their thoughts, and to make you feel the beauty

of their rhythm: his solemn awe and power in prayer, and the humble reliance on God which he expressed for aid in his great work—all prepared your heart and mind to receive, as out of his own heart and mind he was evidently prepared to deliver, the paramount truths of Christianity. His text might be, "God so loved the world," etc.; or, "The glorious gospel of the blessed God;" or, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty," etc.; or, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;" but whatever it might be, "the whole counsel of God," as revealed in the plan of human redemption: the willingness of God to save: a free, full, and *present* salvation for all men; in short, gospel Methodism, was sure to be preached; while the voice, look, action, manner, and earnestness of the preacher, carried home conviction to the soul, and made the hearing of the sermon rememberable to your life's end. Well might this prince of preachers say in death, "The preaching that flows from the heart does good every day. Methodism is the work of God. I am a Methodist, a Methodist preacher,—glory be to God! an

old Methodist preacher;" for such had been his daily exercises for half a century.

He has gone to his eternal reward; and his place has now to be filled by others; for it cannot be filled by any one man. As Charles Wesley used to say, "While God buries his workmen, he carries on his work." The great evangelical cause of Christian missions still proceeds. And if there are not now such great central gatherings at missionary anniversaries in some places as there were formerly, yet the great cause itself has more supporters than ever; and annual meetings on its behalf are held now in almost every village.

Our Mother's warm heart and expansive soul could not fail to embrace this cause, and delight in it, as well as prompt her to be active in its promotion. But while rejoicing in Methodism, and in all the blessed and extending effects wrought by it, our dear parent was not sectarian and narrow in spirit. She did not suppose that all spiritual religion was enclosed within her own religious community, and that beyond its circle there was but an *almost* Christianity. She was too large-hearted and well-instructed for this. She loved

all, of whatever name, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Seeing in them the image of her Heavenly Father whom she loved, that satisfied her; and she was ready to commune and hold fellowship with them.

I have already remarked that she never forgot her obligations to the Church of England. On particular occasions she continued to attend its services; and for benevolent objects visited at times some chapel of the Dissenters on a week-day evening. Her means were not large; but as far as they enabled her, she subscribed to the varied institutions of the universal Church. In her book of private accounts are entries of yearly subscriptions to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the London and the Baptist Missionary Societies, and to the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, as well as to the institutions of Methodism and to local charities. Hers was a liberal heart, which devised liberal things. She was a true disciple of Wesley,—"the friend of all, and the enemy of none." In her day of activity, the Evangelical Alliance had not spread itself beyond

the great centres of the kingdom, or her mind would have highly exulted in its truly catholic objects and services; for nothing seemed to rejoice her more than to behold an assembly of evangelical Christians, from different denominations, uniting for one common object in the cause of her Redeemer.

Her charity did not, however, run into looseness, or latitudinarianism. She did not so merge all creeds and religious opinions that essential principle was lost and swallowed up through an unbounded generalization. She knew how, for instance, to make a due distinction between Protestantism and Popery. My youth was chiefly spent among Roman Catholics, I having been articled for the study of architecture to a gentleman in Lincoln, who, for pure benevolence of spirit, largeness of mind, extent of accurate information, and scholarly accomplishments, has rarely been surpassed; but who was a most devoted and zealous Roman Catholic. At his table not unfrequently were to be met the bishops and priests of his Church, who were not only captivating by their literary attainments, and extensive know-

ledge of the world, but also ready to converse on the differences between Protestantism and Romanism. In these circumstances, it will easily be understood that a Protestant youth's newly-found religion was a delicate plant in somewhat perilous ground.

This was seen and constantly remembered by our deceased parent, who used most carefully to point out the vital difference between faith in Christ alone, through which a contrite sinner is saved, and the merit of good works and of departed saints, as taught for salvation among the Roman Catholics. She was also earnest in setting forth the seriously presumptuous intrusion of the Papacy and its priesthood into the place and office of the Redeemer, as well as in describing the evil fruits it had produced in persecution, and in claiming to rule over nations with unrestrained power.

But while thus firmly set against the system of Rome, our dear Mother was ready to acknowledge and to improve the good found in individuals who, like Thomas à Kempis, De Renty, Fénélon, Pascal, and others, were real saints under a false and corrupt system, with which from early life they

had been associated. And in some instances which could be named, she might seem to carry her catholicity too far, by her intercourse and prayers with such as were not orthodox by profession. But she had learned that some persons were better than their creeds; that they were good in spite of their systems, rather than because of them. She admired sincerity wherever she found it, and knew well how to pick out the wheat from the chaff of human character. It was not that she undervalued forms and professions: she knew their importance, and was ready to uphold them; but she sought the substance of goodness rather than the mere name.

Letter xiii.

"And sometimes even beneath the moon
The Saviour gives a gracious boon,
When reconcilèd Christians meet,
And face to face, and heart to heart,
High thoughts of holy love impart,
In silence meek, or converse sweet."

KEBLE.

In my last letter I set before you our Mother's catholicity of spirit; and I would not, my dear Sister, have you bigoted or exclusive in your

views of Christian Churches; but being anxiously desirous that you should have what is most helpful to piety, in your association with the people of God, I would, in passing, point out to you some of the advantages preëminently supplied in the Church with which from your baptism you have been more immediately connected. We see how some young persons, whose parents rose from obscurity, and repeatedly acknowledged before the Lord and his people that they owed their position, and all that they possessed, to Methodism, have been foolishly seduced from it by the idol of "respectability." Professing themselves unable longer to submit to companionship with the poor, and to be compelled to hear homely language on spiritual things, they have ungratefully forsaken the Church in which their fathers found peace and salvation, and have associated themselves with persons of higher station and culture, and with public services more imposing, than are to be found in the simple practices of Wesleyans. Such conduct is unwise as well as ungrateful. It seldom leads to an attainment of the object sought,—for such transitions do not elevate the changelings in

the respect and esteem of the thoughtful and the good,—while in most instances it is detrimental, religiously. Indeed, it proves not only the departure of the mind from Christian simplicity, but also its false and worldly views of the kingdom of the Saviour. The presence of the poor was emphatically the sign given of his kingdom by Christ, to the inquiring messengers of the Baptist: "The poor have the gospel preached unto them." His design was to mingle the rich and poor together in his service; and Methodism does this as fully as any Church that can be named.

Its distinctive characteristics—or rather those which expressly mark its separation as a Church from the world—lie in the association of its members for mutual oversight, counsel, and encouragement. The term of admission to membership consists in no theological test, but simply in "a desire to flee from the wrath to come;" so that any person sincerely desirous of salvation may enter the pale of Methodism. But when that step has been taken, strict vigilance is then exercised in the oversight of the new convert, lest while professing to be not of the world his life

should prove the contrary. This is reasonable and consistent; for it never could be intended that professors of religion should be so mingled with the world as to have no distinction; and if the distinction were only nominal and not vital, it would only be a mere profession and a fraud. If admission to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper be regarded as the test of Church membership, then the Church ought to have such a knowledge of the life and conduct of its communicants as to be able to judge of their fitness. That Church which has not this, and which is without the means for excluding from the Lord's table those who walk disorderly, is seriously defective. Now Methodism provides these through its class-meetings, which, if not formally and by name of scriptural authority, yet in their object and use are *essentially* so.

A Methodist CLASS-MEETING is a weekly meeting of from twelve to twenty members of the society or church, who are associated with one called "the leader,"—a member of enlightened and advanced piety,—for mutual oversight, exhortation, and counsel. In these meetings the mem-

bers pray with and for each other, speak to one another of their religious experience, and the leader gives them such spiritual advice as he thinks most suitable to their cases respectively. By thus "striving together in prayers," and "speaking often one to another," acquaintance with each other is formed, the "fellowship of saints" is promoted, and the wants of the poor and sick are discovered. Once in each quarter of a year the class is visited by the minister, who ascertains by personal inquiry the spiritual condition of the leader and of his members; and who, by the delivery of a ticket, in connection with ministerial instruction, renews to the approved the token of membership with the Church of God; and then, as well as at each weekly meeting, the leader and the members contribute to the work of God out of their substance, "as God hath prospered them." Thus you will perceive Wesleyan class-meetings are not the Popish confessionals which some have falsely represented them as being. They are not resorts for disclosing family secrets, or for unedifying and disorderly conversation and gossip, as others have ignorantly sup-

posed. But they are scriptural, edifying, and orderly means of grace, such as all who have attended them value, when their souls are alive to God. If Christian professors are not living to the honor of Christ, they would rather shun the question, "What is now the state of your soul?" If a member of the Church be conscious of remissness in the habit of private prayer, of worldliness and unwatchfulness, or of half-heartedness, he will shrink from the place where his spiritual condition is brought to the test. But if living in close and daily communion with the Divine Being, if enjoying the continued sense of God's favor and blessing, he will fervidly desire to communicate and to consummate his spiritual joy, by declaring it to others. The steadiest and best, that is to say, the most truly spiritual-minded Wesleyans highly prize this weekly means of grace; and though some differences may be looked for in the character of human minds, and some allowances be made for the naturally timorous and retiring, yet Christian fellowship will be sought and valued by every true follower of the Saviour. Hence we find that almost every Church alive with spiritual impulses,

imitates (without taking the express name of "Class-Meeting") this example set by Methodism, in its social means of grace: imitates, I would rather say, in this respect, apostolic Christianity. It is, in fact, in these more private conferences that the richest fruits of religious experience are not unfrequently found. When they who take sweet counsel together go up to the house of God in company;—when one converted and saved says to his Christian brethren, "Come, ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul!"—when, like the disciples going to Emmaus, they commune together,—then Jesus himself draws near, and makes their hearts burn within them as he talks with them by the way, and as he opens to them the Scriptures.

The wisdom of the founder of Methodism was never more fully shown than in the establishment of this social means of grace. Its beneficial influence in recalling members each week to a sense of their spiritual obligations and privileges, the circumspection it induces, the healthy emulation it excites, and its continuous promotion of brotherly sympathy and love, are among its most obvious

advantages. Some who feel the bonds of Christian discipline too strait for them, or who would have the kingdom of God "come with observation," knowing how the numbers in Methodism might instantly be multiplied if this condition were withdrawn, are already asking, If class-meetings be really necessary? If they be quite suited to the age in which we live? If, in deference to the spirit of the times, they may not now be dispensed with? But all vigilant pastors and faithful Methodists will keep their eye upon this humble yet essential means of grace. It were better that the Church should be smaller, if pure, than larger and worldly, as it would undoubtedly be if class-meetings were dispensed with.

Should these fences of our vineyard ever be loosened, then shall it be laid waste. The apostles carefully separated believers in Christ from the world, placed them within the Christian fold, shepherded them with care, and instructed them in the doctrines and duties of religion. Thus Mr. Wesley remarks on the institution of class-meetings, which, like other parts of the system of Methodism, arose from providential circumstances, and

not of set plan, like the system of Ignatius Loyola,—

"Upon reflection, I could not but observe, This is the very thing which was from the beginning of Christianity. In the earliest times, those whom God had sent forth 'preached the gospel to every creature.' And the *οἱ ἀκροαταὶ*, 'the body of hearers,' were mostly either Jews or heathens. But as soon as any of these were so convinced of the truth as to forsake sin and seek the gospel salvation, they immediately joined them together, took an account of their names, advised them to watch over each other, and met these *κατηχούμενοι*, 'catechumens,' (as they were then called,) apart from the great congregation, that they might instruct, rebuke, exhort, and pray with them, and for them, according to their several necessities."

Other edifying means of grace, though now peculiar to Methodism, are not additions or improvements from the eighteenth century, as some would have it believed: they are simply restorations of Christian services, as old as Christianity itself, and which through abuse, or neglect, had fallen into desuetude. The LOVE-FEASTS of Method-

ism, in which the classes meeting separately in each week are assembled together in the house of God at the end of each quarter, voluntarily to testify before the minister and each other of Divine grace to them, have scriptural precedent and example in the AGAPÆ of the early Christians, who ate and drank together before the Lord, expressing freely their love to the Saviour and to one another. These are more simple now in their provision of bread and water only, because wine was abused in such meetings, even in the days of the apostles, as St. Paul has recorded in his First Epistle to the Corinthians. And what sight can be more impressive and edifying, than that of the members of a church meeting together, and, after eating and drinking together in one communion with thanksgiving, waiting to hear from the minister what he personally experiences of the salvation of Christ, and then rising in succession to testify before him and their fellow-Christians what Divine grace is doing for their souls? It would be too much to suppose that in the artless narratives of some humble but sincere members, no grammatical faults or other inaccuracies of lan-

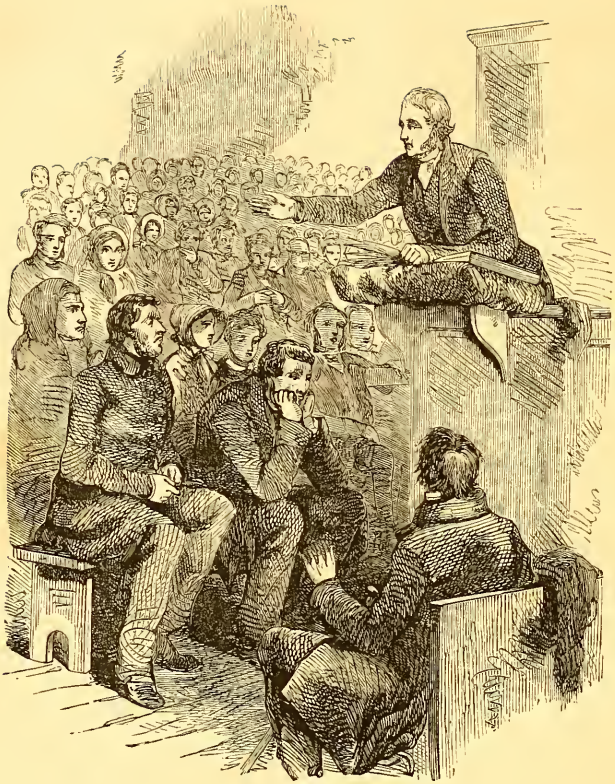
guage are ever found. But these are not such as to interfere with and prevent the edification of earnest souls; as all can testify who have been present at such services. On the other hand, it may be said, many remember them as seasons of overwhelming power and grace. There was the relation of Christian experience, perhaps, by a poor unlettered man, who, nevertheless, spoke in language richly inlaid with the words of the Book which he daily reads, and which are to him "spirit and life." Others of more cultured minds, but of inferior piety, were stimulated by what they heard. Some hung down their heads, ashamed, and in tears before God. Others rejoiced aloud: heart was drawn to heart, and spirit to spirit: their sympathies were chorded and entwined; and all partook of the feeling that they were "one in Christ Jesus." Like the disciples on the mount with Christ, they said, "It is good to be here;" and loth to part, they wished to remain where they were, and prolong the rapturous delight of extolling their common Saviour. In such meetings they anticipated the enjoyment of heaven; and asked, "If the joy of God's redeemed people

be so great on earth, what will it be when they meet before the throne of the Lamb?"

In these meetings, too, qualities for usefulness are not unfrequently discovered. That modest youth, whose voice is tremulous with diffidence, but whose speech belies the power that is in him, relates his experience of the saving grace and energy of God. Then inquiry arises among his brethren who hear him, if such gifts should not have a larger sphere afforded to them: if he may not be employed as "an instructor of the ignorant, a teacher of babes;" if he may not be "profitable for the ministry," and be ordained an ambassador for Christ? Such is the humble beginning of many who become eminent for usefulness in the Church. Their heartfelt devotion to the cause of Christ is first in such meetings timorously expressed: the speakers become known, and are approved by both ministers and members: they are sent forth, and the promise of Holy Scripture is fulfilled, "And I raised up your sons for prophets."

Such are some of the important advantages

preëminently supplied in Methodism to its members; for in its means for promoting Christian fellowship and mutual edification, it confessedly holds no secondary rank among the Churches of our Lord.



Letter xiv.

"Not clothed in purple or fine linen—stood
The Wilderness Apostle! He was found
O'er-canopied by wild rocks fringed with wood,
Where nature's sternest scenery darkly frowned.

There stood the Seer, his loins begirt around,
With outstretched hand, bare brow, and vocal eye:
His voice, with sad solemnity of sound,
More thrilling than the eagle's startling cry,
'Repent! repent!' exclaimed, 'Christ's kingdom draweth nigh!'"

BARTON.

In noticing for you the spiritual life and religious services of Methodism, I must not omit to name one truly memorable season of grace and salvation to many in the city of Lincoln; especially as our dear Mother was energetically engaged in it, and always afterwards rejoiced in the remembrance of it. This was the time of the Rev. John Smith's ministerial labors in the Lincoln Circuit, during the years 1829, 1830, and 1831. He was known in Methodism by the title of "the Revivalist;" a name which when employed to designate a minister of a certain class is not to be fully approved; for all true ministers of Christ are revivalists, whatever may be the diversity of their gifts. And we shall all do well to imitate the magnanimous example of the Apostle Peter, who neither envied nor despised the style and manner of his brethren, however much they might differ from himself; and who, in referring to St.

Paul, speaks of him as his "beloved brother," who had written to those addressed, "according to the wisdom given unto him." But the term "Revivalist," when employed to represent John Smith, was most just and appropriate; for he was such in the best sense of the word. Go where he would to labor,—whether to a fashionable watering-place, like Brighton,—to the seat of dissipated royalty, as was Windsor in the time of George IV.,—to a quiet, undisturbable kind of place, such as Frome, —or to a large, populous, manufacturing town, like Nottingham,—he was the means, under God, of breaking up the dull monotony into which the Church might have subsided, of awakening its energies, and of extending its borders.

When Mr. Smith came to Lincoln, there was a great diversity of opinion concerning him, among the members of Society. Some, who had heard of the extraordinary things which had marked his ministry in a neighboring circuit, and who at that time were almost ready to prefer the stillness of death to the startling occurrences of a religious revival, even went so far as to say, on the eve of his coming, "He will not serve for Lincoln." He

came; and the societies in the city and throughout the circuit were soon moved. Spiritual and saving effects were produced on the very first Sabbath of his ministry in Lincoln. Kindred spirits in the Church were immediately stirred and drawn forth to aid in the work of God; and many in the congregation were awakened to see their need of personal religion, and to feel the danger of resting content with a bare attendance on the ordinances of worship. The remarkable man whose preaching had produced this quickening change was spoken of in various companies; and many who came to hear him through curiosity were impressed and convinced. Notorious sinners were converted; and this led their former companions to inquire for them, and to go to the Methodist chapel to see what had become of them, and who this John Smith was that had broken their ranks. Many of these new inquirers were in their turn seized with religious conviction, and were saved; and this continued until very soon a great part of the city appeared to be under religious influence.

Meanwhile, as may be supposed, many words of ridicule and condemnation were uttered by parties

without the Church, and some of caution and counsel within. But the new minister was a man of one business, who understood and confided in the correctness of his own tried principles of action: he unswervingly pursued his own course; and the effects continued to be felt and seen, both by the Church and the world.

Although my purpose, in these letters, is chiefly to present you, my dear Sister, with a Portrait of our Mother, I cannot forbear to attempt a sketch of this honored servant of God, with whose devoted efforts for his Divine Master's cause she sympathized so deeply, and whom she endeavored so zealously to help. He was a man of the utmost firmness and vigor in his own character; and of singular quickness in penetrating the character of others. To a fine, manly, firmly knit bodily frame, he united a countenance of transparent openness, which was also wonderfully indicative of the transition of his thoughts from joy to tenderness, from rapt adoration of the holiness and majesty of God to stern and faithful denunciation of sin. His voice was a tenor of indescribable sweetness and flexibility; but possessed,

when he wielded the terrors of the Lord, the thrilling and startling power of a trumpet,—for there were times when he was distinctly heard at the distance of a mile, while preaching to crowded village audiences on week-day evenings. His passion for poetry, art, and music, often broke forth in his conversations with persons of taste, and proved how much there was that was refined in his tendencies; but he quickly reverted to the strong, solid, and useful occupation of the mind.

As a preacher, this mingled tenderness and strength often made him almost irresistible. But the great cause of his success, under God, seemed to be the instant conviction he produced in the minds of all who listened to him of his own profound earnestness. You saw that the awful views of man's sinfulness and danger, the glowing faith in the Atonement, and confidence in the power and willingness of Christ to save from sin, on which he dwelt with so much fervor, were really the outpouring of his inmost soul. And while listening, it seemed next to impossible that you should not yield to him. His appeals against sin,

its offensiveness in the sight of the Lord, its ingratitude and folly, and the peril to which it exposes the sinner, were often terrific. And then the awe-struck sinner was followed by the most pathetic entreaties, uttered often with floods of tears; until the rebel became a mourner, and did not cease to cry for salvation until he found it.

But there was a secret in his success which those who pronounced upon it with mere human judgment did not penetrate. This was his intimate communion with God. He did not confide in his knowledge of human nature, which was deep: in his correct and forceful Saxon style of language, for which he was distinguished; or in his rare power of awakening and touching the heart by sympathy or alarm. He knew that all these gifts must be Divinely directed and aided, or the spiritual quickening would not come. This conviction made him simple as a child in his dependence on the Divine Father, led him to days and nights of prayer, to groanings in secret and strong cries in public, and to the peculiar manner and style of his preaching. This made him a minister of the Spirit; and beyond many, a man

"full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." He was not a mere enthusiast, as some would suppose; for he ever connected the end he had in view with the use of appointed means. He sought spiritual effects from the Spirit's power; and having received the word and promise of God, he fully relied thereon. This was as scriptural as it was rational.

A minister of the gospel is to give himself not only to the word of God, but also to prayer. And whatever may be his gifts and attainments, whatever may be his attractions by eloquence and manner, unless by prayer he bathe his sword in the lightnings of heaven, he will be spiritually ineffective, and the great ends of Christian preaching will fail of their gracious accomplishment. Hardened sinners will not be pricked in the heart, and cry out, "What must we do to be saved?" nor will believers be edified, and the real spiritual Church of Christ increased. Assuredly, of all the pitiable scenes in this world, there is none more pitiable than that of a feeble mortal seeking to carry on what is confessedly God's own work, without God. John Smith did not attempt this.

He sought, by fervent and unceasing prayer, the presence and aid of the Holy Ghost; and if proof were needed that he was right, it was to be found in the signal manner in which his ministry was honored. Hundreds were converted; and the societies were quickened and enlarged. Many saw what might be done by entire devotedness to the service of the Lord. The effects of his preaching spread, not only through his own circuit, but to the circuits adjoining; nay, there was scarcely a circuit in Lincolnshire, or on its borders, but felt, more or less, the happy effects of his labors. And if some who were then awakened and brought to partake of new life have since fallen away, the number that remained steadfast —some of whom have become missionaries and ministers—entitles us to say, that the ministry of such a man was indeed a great gain to the Church of God.

Love for his memory, and a strong conviction that ministers like him, who shall have a passion for saving souls, are the great want of the Church at the present time, impel me to defend him from a doubtful censure expressed by some. His labor

ended at thirty-seven years of age. And it has been said, "He surely should not thus have sacrificed himself. With his fine constitution and strength of frame, he might have given double the number of years of labor to the Church; and he ought not to have shortened his valuable life by excessive efforts." But let it be remembered that, though short, his was a great and honorable life. He did much in a few years: more, far more, than many who live out their full term of three-score years and ten. I am not saying that a wanton waste of life and strength is ever to be approved. But this devoted man was not guilty of that. And prudent men, who do every thing in measured forms, accordant with their colder natures, do not, and cannot, comprehend, how one with the realizing views and powerful feelings of John Smith was incapable of restraining himself amidst the scenes and sounds which surrounded him. With awakened sinners, wailing penitents, and rejoicing believers around him, such a man could not spare himself, even for the lengthening of his life. His was a whole burnt-offering; and was, no doubt, an acceptable sacrifice.

In his "plans of labor," as he was accustomed to call them, he used to associate himself closely with the prayerful. He sought them in the several societies, conversed with them, and enlisted their sympathies and help. An eminent and devoted servant of the Lord, of either sex, was sure to be found by him when he came into a circuit. Soon after his coming to Lincoln he found our dear Mother. She had rejoiced in his appointment to the circuit, felt the power of his preaching, and became a ready coöperator in his exertions.

He was much at our father's house; and would make it a point to come when wearied and worn by his labors. He was, while free from all frivolity, delightfully social and companionable. I have already hinted at his passion for music; and during these visits he would not unfrequently join in a duet with father on the flute. But his chief employment was speaking on the work of God. His heart was set on this; and he could not have spent an afternoon or an evening without descanting upon it. In our Mother he found a kindred spirit. She was at

all times ready to converse with him on this welcome theme.

She took care, too, that he should have every means for turning his visits to that highest and holiest account which he preferred. Friends were associated for tea, and for the evening; and thus seasons of spiritual interest and benefit were realized. There were his own relations of instances of conversion: there was singing of hymns, in which he greatly delighted; and there were fervent intercessory prayers for the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom. Meetings these of priceless value to the truly pious; and much more seemly than social parties of professing Christians, in which the conversation is all vain and profitless, and the evening prayerless.

In these homely fireside meetings, Mr. Smith's presence impressed all around him as irresistibly as it did in his public ministrations. In the pulpit he seemed like a prophet fresh from the visions of God: in the house of a friend he seemed still to be fully awake to the realities of the spiritual and eternal world. He was always about his Heavenly Father's business; and many were the

seals of Divine approval affixed to his efforts for the salvation of his fellow-creatures, in the social circle as well as in the public assembly.

I deem it an unspeakable advantage to have seen and known such an examplar of devotedness to the cause of Christ as John Smith. The revivals attendant on his labors were real revivals. They were not, like some imitations, spasmodic efforts which continue for a brief time, and then cease, and their effects with them. Their effects were abiding. They remained week after week, month after month, and year after year.

In the city of Lincoln, and throughout the societies of the circuit, generally, the number of members was about doubled during the period of Mr. Smith's three years' labors. Many new laborers also sprang up, marked for their devotion and zeal. Some of these remain to cultivate the circuit-field, while others have gone forth as itinerant ministers and missionaries. Among the latter was John Hunt, who may be also named as an example of the instruments for usefulness which Wesleyan Methodism not unfrequently provides from among the poor and illiterate, as well as of

the surpassing power of heartfelt religion to quicken and expand the dormant powers of the human mind. He was found in the benighted and profligate village of Swinderby,—a farmer's servant of the very lowest class, almost destitute of the first elements of learning; and was notable among youths, chiefly, for rehearsing village tales and singing country songs. Awakened under the powerful ministry of the Rev. John Smith, and converted, he grew eager for the cultivation of his mind, and used to spend his evenings under the open chimney of his master's kitchen, exercising himself in reading. He soon placed himself in the village night-school, speedily acquired such instruction as was there attainable, and it was not long before he began to exhort and call sinners to repentance. Religion developed powers unlooked for by his most familiar acquaintances. He went forth to the adjoining villages in his country dress, —in his long brown coat with brass buttons, his coarse stockings and thick shoes,—but his homely garb was forgotten under the winning charm of his simple, affectionate, and earnest style of address; and so profitable were his evangelistic

teachings to all who heard him, as to create a general impression that God designed him for service in a wider sphere. After a brief course of educational preparation under Mr. Bainbridge, of Lincoln, he was recommended by the circuit for the ministerial life, and was accepted by the Conference. At that time the Theological Institution had been recently opened for the reception of candidates for the Wesleyan ministry. John Hunt was admitted, and was trained under Dr. Hannah, who soon discovered the jewel there lay concealed under so plain a covering, devoted himself to the young candidate's improvement, and became his attached friend and counsellor. The ardent pupil became a proficient, not only in the study of theology and biblical knowledge, but also in the acquirement of the elements of the Latin and Greek languages. As a preacher, he was most acceptable in his simplicity to London congregations; and at length went forth as a missionary to the Feejee Islands. There, among ferocious cannibals, he "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" was exposed to suffering, and threatened with death; but, trusting in God, he persevered in his labors:

translated parts of the Scriptures into the Feejee tongue: wrote other books of permanent usefulness; and died, comparatively young, exclaiming in death, with hands stretched out towards heaven, "Lord, bless Feejee! Lord, save Feejee!"

Other devoted and useful converts of this period might be named. Suffice it to say, that there was spiritual fruit and prosperity everywhere, throughout the circuit. In Lincoln, a small additional chapel was obtained above the Hill, near to the ancient Roman arch, or Newport Gate. This was well attended, and much good was done in that extreme quarter of the city. An additional place for week-night preaching was also found in Mr. Scott's house, below the Gowts' Bridge, at the other or southern end of the city; and seasons of rich spiritual influence were experienced there. Such genuine visitations from the Lord as this, with its attendant results, are undoubtedly to be looked for and sought by the Church of Christ. God is willing to dispense his Holy Spirit at all times, to them that ask for it, as he has declared. It cannot be his will that the Church should at

any time relapse into deadness and inactivity; and had believers been faithful from the beginning, the scenes of Pentecostal days would have continued. The Spirit's blessings were not then exhausted. They were but pledges and earnests of still more abundant blessings; and the Scriptures teach us to look for larger and mightier outpourings of saving grace than were witnessed under Mr. Smith's ministry.

Our dear Mother regarded herself as an honored assistant in the spiritual work which I have described. She was not a noisy or ostentatiously prominent helper. But she could not stand aloof from the work of God wherever she saw it. In the prayer-meetings she was found beside female penitents, encouraging and directing them in their search for spiritual deliverance. Not only so, but she went after them to their homes, took them with her to the weekly class-meeting, and continued to give them suitable counsel. Mr. Smith had the greatest confidence in her discernment, as well as in her zeal. He would request her personal visitation of any difficult or delicate case, such as that of one of her own sex whose family,

perhaps, were averse to their relative becoming religious. There are several now in the Church who gratefully remember such visits. Indeed, hers was a truly congenial spirit with that of this devoted man, and with others who were all earnestness for the coming of Messiah's kingdom.

This Divine visitation having given a new impulse to the work of God in the city, a larger place of worship had to be provided for the crowds disposed to attend. A convenient site was found on an open space in the upper part of the populous parish of St. Swithin, near to the New Road; and a large, imposing-looking chapel was there erected, with school and class-rooms, and houses for the ministers adjoining. Seasons of memorable influence marked the opening, in which Mother, with others, rejoiced exceedingly. The Rev. Dr. Bunting preached on the morning and evening of the Sabbath; and the strength and cogency of his appeals to conscience were felt by many to be almost irresistible. This was acknowledged even by some on whom a sermon from a Methodist pulpit had never before made any impression: I mean, men of a skeptical tendency. One of these,

a person of great popular influence as a political speaker, and of great business energy, said to a company of his "rational" friends, "I never felt my own ingratitude to the Divine Being so deeply as while I was hearing that preacher. He actually pinned me to the seat, as a convicted sinner. If I had listened to another such sermon, I must have become a Methodist." And not only was the convincing power of those discourses felt and acknowledged by men of the world, but believers were strengthened in their faith and love by the clear and potent manner in which the venerable minister set forth Christian privileges. Mother experienced this, and was devoutly grateful to God for it.

Efforts for chapel extension and enlargement rapidly succeeded the erection of this spacious building in the city. Louth, Grimsby, Boston, Sleaford, Horncastle, Market-Raisen, Brigg, and nearly every other town of importance in the county, soon had new and much enlarged chapels. The poet-laureate, Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," (a book which does justice to the founder of Methodism as a scholar and a gentleman, but

which, while attractive in its style, misrepresents the spiritual life and power of Wesley and of Methodism,) speaks of the agricultural population of England as being least susceptible of religious feeling, inasmuch as they lack the excitability of the people thickly crowded together in our manufacturing towns. But the prosperity of Methodism in Lincolnshire, as well as in the agricultural parts of Yorkshire and other counties, proves that Southey was in error, and spoke without a real knowledge of the facts. Nowhere is Methodism more healthy than in Lincolnshire. It may be emphatically pronounced the prevailing religion of the yeomanry, farmers, and their laborers; as well as of the trading classes and working people in the towns. Thousands who do not decide on membership prefer attendance at Wesleyan chapels; and throng them eagerly in the villages, as well as in the city and towns. Methodism, it is true, has had its fluctuations here as elsewhere; but it is deeply rooted and widely spread throughout the county. In the Lincoln Circuit, at the present time,—though only comprising, as we have seen, one third of the circuit originally formed,—

there are not fewer than thirty-seven chapels and preaching places; and a printed list which I have before me shows that its itinerant ministers are assisted by fifty local preachers. Its various auxiliary agencies of Sabbath-schools, missions, benevolent and tract societies, are also actively carried on by the members and friends.

Letter xv.

"An ardent spirit dwells with Christian love,
The eagle's vigor in the pitying dove.
'Tis not enough that we with Sorrow sigh,
That we the wants of pleading man supply,
That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal:
Not these suffice—to sickness, pain, and woe,
The Christian spirit loves with aid to go;
Will not be sought, waits not for Want to plead,
But seeks the duty,—nay, prevents the need;
Her utmost aid to every ill applies,
And plants relief for coming miseries."

CRABBE.

I STATED in the outset that I chose the form of letters for writing this memoir of affection, because it was freer and easier than the set style of general biography. In adopting an easier vehicle, however, I may, with strict judges, subject myself to the charge of repeating thoughts, or of returning to a topic already treated. I will avoid this as carefully as possible; but it seems to me impossible to avoid it altogether, with any biographical record,—unless the writer commences it with a purpose wholly formal and systematic, such as that pursued, for instance, by Job Orton, in his life of the pious Doddridge.

The example I have just named suggests to me the propriety of endeavoring to present to you, my dear Sister, a brief summary of our excellent Mother's character as a Christian; though I cannot bind myself to treat it with the measured preciseness of logical form; but must be free to weave into it such facts and elucidations as may present themselves to memory.

The first principle influencing all who have been extensively useful as the benefactors of their race, is undoubtedly COMPASSION. From what I have

already related, you will have learned that Mother possessed a truly compassionate nature. This was manifest from her conduct to all creatures, even to the lowest. She could not bear to see any living thing suffer; and expressed personal anguish when she saw any one treat dumb animals unkindly. Her own feeling towards them was so gentle and tender, that it was affecting to witness it. She did not feel her piety lessened by cultivating attachment to the creatures which God had made, such as a bird or a dog; and would express instant admiration of a fine horse. This is an amiable trait, and where seen is not to be frowned upon or ridiculed. The devotional Cowper found his nature bettered by fond attention to his domesticated hares; and many a solitary and suffering spirit, like that of the gentle and meditative Montgomery, has expressed gratitude for the cheerful companionship of a bird. The intelligent and noble-minded Dr. Arnold always encouraged a humane attachment to animals among his pupils at Rugby; and this kind treatment of such creatures will doubtless be regarded with increasing interest in the education of youth, as Christ's re-

ligion of goodness extends its universal reign. A millennium for animals, so far as their physical condition under mankind is concerned, may assuredly be looked for. Animals share in the curse, not only as beasts of burden to fallen man doomed through sin to labor, but also in ill-usage, and in their association with corrupted nature; so that, as St. Paul says, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain."

But true compassion is most manifest in its sympathy with suffering humanity. This our dear Mother showed in her earnest and persevering endeavors to lessen the sorrows of her fellow-creatures, and to rescue them from spiritual danger and error. While ready to relieve their bodily wants, and to give pitying counsel to those who were in temporal sorrow and straitness, the awful spiritual state of mankind still more deeply affected her, and almost unceasingly engaged her efforts. For she was not of the number of those who profess pity, but remain at a distance from the pitiable. She had none of the false refinement which shelters itself from the necessitous and the fallen behind forms and ceremonies; but felt that she must

hasten among them, and stretch out to them the hand of help. Hers was not the desire to appear benevolent so much as to be really so. Her education had not been like that of too many, in mere external behavior, but in true-heartedness; and therefore she was not restrained from pursuit of her object by customs and difficulties. And that, surely, is the only true compassion which impels us to effort, in spite of all conventional barriers; and which still impels us onward, even if at times unsuccessful in rescuing the fallen from ruin.

Our Mother was not discouraged by occasional failure, though she sometimes encountered it. An awfully distressing instance recurs now to my memory. It is that of a professed skeptic and infidel, whom she faithfully warned for a succession of months and years, but who refused to take the warning. He was a man of considerable natural intelligence and of musical taste. Being a near neighbor, and coming to practice with father in music, Mother was accustomed to see him, more or less, every week, and seldom without saying something to him on religion. He steadily resisted

whatever was spoken, and sometimes returned answers that were scarcely civil; but still she persevered. It was discovered, however, that, with all his resistance, he was not fully at ease in his infidelity. He had a little blind granddaughter that he brought up: an engaging child, whose nature was highly musical; for I remember with what interest I used to mark the rapture in her face, and in her rolling sightless eye-balls, as she sang sweetly to the music. One Sabbath morning, with neighborly freedom, father suddenly opened the door of the man's house, went in, and saw him teaching the blind girl to pray, as she knelt upon his knees. Father expressed surprise, having heard from him repeated professions of atheism. Confounded, the man replied, "Well, it is of no use denying it: a person may profess to believe that there is no God, but he cannot help believing that there is; for proofs of his existence are everywhere around us." Mother now made greater and more pointed efforts for the man's salvation. But he resisted to the end, and died, miserably illustrating the awful scriptural warning, "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his

neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

In other cases she was happily successful. It was her custom to buy tracts for distribution, and to improve the opportunity of calling on her poorer neighbors with them. This means she employed when no other seemed available; or when temporal necessity could not be made the reason for a call. And several thoughtless persons by it were led to serious consideration of their state, and to a godly change. I can remember now her relations of the scenes she sometimes beheld, and of the replies made to her by poor Sabbath-breakers, ashamed to be found as they were when visited by her in their dwellings. Some at first tried to offend her, and so to prevent her coming again. But she was really too compassionate towards them to be offended; and too earnest in her purpose to benefit them, to content herself with one visit, or with a few.

There was one such case of a poor drunken shoemaker, near to our house at St. Mark's. Usually at the beginning of each week he had fits of drunkenness, and while in them was most

desperate. He was a terror to his family and to all the neighbors; for at such times he would not only destroy the windows and furniture of his own dwelling, but would go and vent his rage against any neighbor who had offended him, so that scarcely any one dared to say any thing to him. Mother saw him reel past the house, heard his oaths in the street, and was told from time to time of the injuries he inflicted on his wife and family. She said she must go and speak to him. We endeavored to dissuade her from doing so, representing the danger that might arise to herself; and saying that he might, in his next drunken fit, break our house-windows in revenge. She replied that she must go; for that not only would the man's family be ruined, but his own body and soul would soon be lost.

The next Sabbath morning she went. The man looked greatly surprised; but he was sober. She said, "I understand that you are an intelligent person, and I hope you will read one of the tracts which I am accustomed to give or lend to my neighbors." He was flattered, and replied courteously that he was obliged by her call, and would

read whatever she chose to leave for him. Mother immediately gave him the tract entitled, "A Word to a Drunkard." He had, however, no sooner glanced at it than he exclaimed, "This is too personal. You have selected this purposely for me." He then showed great exasperation, and raged so furiously that Mother's frame trembled. But her spirit was firm; and mildly expostulating with him, she said, "I have felt much for you and your family; have been led to pray for you; and am not come to vex or torment you, but to try to rescue you from your degraded condition." Such is the power of meekness and affection, that he was immediately softened and subdued. She then reminded him that he had promised to read whatever she gave him, expressed a hope that he would do so, and took her leave, telling him that she would pray to God for him during the week, and call again.

On the Sabbath morning following,—no doubt after much intercession with God on the poor sinner's behalf,—she called again; and found him greatly humbled, and truly thoughtful concerning the reformation of his life. She talked and

prayed with him and his family, left him another suitable tract, and invited him to attend the chapel. The visit was repeated: the man went again and again to the house of God, was thoroughly convinced of sin, converted, and he with his family became regular in attendance on public worship. He gave evidence of a real inward change by his after life, and died in the hope of a joyful resurrection. What a blessed proof of the good service that believers might individually perform, if their Christian compassion impelled them, in spite of all apparent discouragements, to reach the sinner's ears, and to be perseveringly faithful on their Master's errand!

It was not only in her own neighborhood, but wherever she went, this deep Christian compassion was felt, and constrained her to speak and act for her Lord. If on a visit to a friend at a distance, she was sure to find some persons there to warn or exhort, and seldom were such visits made without beneficial results. After I became an itinerant preacher of Christ's gospel, she visited me in different parts of the country; and it was her practice to go with me to the several parts of

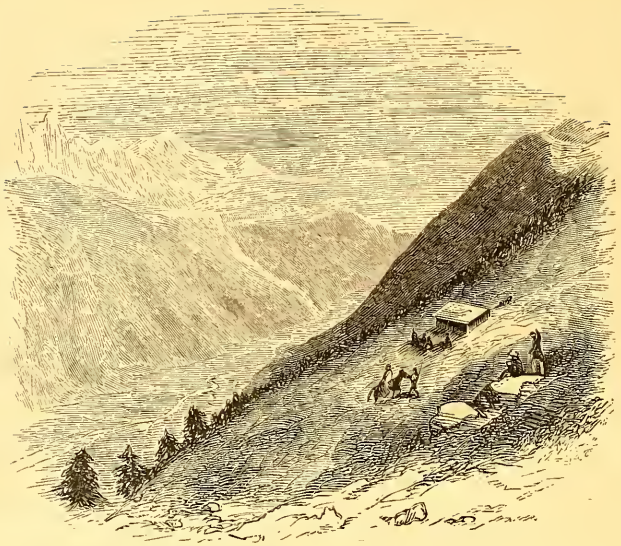
a circuit, in each part trying to do good. And there is scarcely a place where she was with me but in it her memory is still fragrant. To aid in bringing sinners to God was her great object, and a blessing almost invariably attended her endeavors.

When she came to me in London, she was almost overwhelmed with sorrowful feeling, through the scenes of flagrant Sabbath-breaking and open dissipation which any one must here witness, unless perpetually immured in a room. "I could not live in such a place," she said, again and again. The sights and sounds of wickedness so deeply affected her, that she often wept as we went along the streets. While at our home she poured out her full-burdened soul in prayer for sinners, and expressed adoring wonder that the Divine Being was so merciful as to spare the guilty city, and not consume it in wrath, as he did Sodom and Gomorrah. On one occasion, when returning from the worship of God at Islington, and while we were surveying London from an elevated situation, with its numberless streets and buildings stretched out before us, she said, "I have realized

while in this city more of the compassionate mind of Christ than I ever did before. The very heart of Jesus has seemed to be beating within me; and the words written of him on his view of Jerusalem are almost constantly in my remembrance: 'And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.'"

Christian compassion was truly and largely her inheritance. And where possessed, the inheritance is valuable, though, as before remarked, the possessor may have to bear heavily the burden of others, and frequently to weep on their account. Hard, stoical, and selfish natures cannot understand this; and think it desirable not to feel so much for our suffering fellow-creatures. But I would earnestly exhort you, my dear Sister, to cherish feelings of deep commiseration for the poor and the perishing, and that at the risk of all the attendant consequences of sorrow and labor. It is to be remembered that only they who have learned to weep with them that weep, can really

rejoice with them that rejoice. Unless one knows what it is to plunge into the depths of compassionate feeling for the perishing and the distressed, one cannot know what it is to rejoice over the saved and the happy with "exceeding joy." God has ordained this great sequence of our sympathies; and such experience is infinitely preferable to the unmoved state of the stoic.



Letter xvi.

"Strong is the lion: like a coal
His eye-ball; like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;
Strong against tide th' enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

"But stronger still in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide,
And in the seat to faith assigned,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide."

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

PURSUING the course I commenced in the last letter, I may say that, with her strong and earnestly compassionate views of human nature, our dear Mother had great and abiding FAITH. This enabled her to realize the presence of God at all times, and under all circumstances. Her faith was steadfast and immovable, and might be appropriately likened to some giant mountain,—such as Mont Blanc in Switzerland, the monarch of European mountains, faintly represented at the head of this letter,—when seen by the traveller reposing securely on his rocky throne, and raising his glistening and irradiated head far above the pollution and turmoil of earth. For her believing soul reposed firmly upon the "Rock of eternal ages," rose to sublime heights of spiritual purity, and rejoiced in the all-illumining light of the Divine favor. Her life was a life of faith; and whatever might be its attendant circumstances, she "endured as seeing Him that is invisible." This insured to her victory over the world, and gave to her mind a just estimation of the infinite superiority of things eternal over things temporal. This led her to trust in God amidst all difficulties that

might arise, and, as Martin Luther says, to "lie becalmed in his bosom," amidst the floods and storms of sorrow and danger; while it gave also strength to her love, and hope, and joy.

I have already noted how free she was from painful anxiety concerning the things of earth, though so diligent and active in discharging the temporal duties of her station. The strong, direct, and simple manner in which she laid hold of God's promises as they relate to the necessities of this life, was remarkable. Yet she was not without repeated trials of her faith. One instance may be named which need not take many words to relate, but which will serve to show how steadfast was her reliance upon the word of God. It was connected with her business, in which she experienced considerable difficulty for a time, through the unprincipled opposition and under-selling of an envious person in her neighborhood, who had avowedly set himself to wrest a prosperous trade from father and Mother. This he carried to so great an extent, that they hardly knew where it would end. Mother expressed generally her confidence in God: said he had never forsaken them

and never would; but, through the fearful and persevering sacrifices made by their opponent, the cloud of trouble seemed to gather and increasingly threaten them. The consideration of a large and rising family pressed much upon her affectionate mind, and her soul became at length very heavily burdened, so that one Sabbath morning she found herself unable to worship God in his house without distraction.

Immediately after the service at the chapel, she bent her steps up the "Steep Hill," to visit, near St. Michael's Church, a poor woman whose husband in the preceding week had been thrown from the stage-coach of which he was the driver, and had been killed on the spot. After talking with the distressed widow, and praying with her for support and consolation, the words of the thirty-seventh psalm were suddenly brought to Mother's mind: "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Rest in the Lord, and wait

patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass." Her soul became instantly disburdened of its load, having seized the promise with simple, strong, and implicit faith. She returned home, praising and blessing God, her countenance bespeaking the relief she had obtained, so that father asked how it was she appeared so changed since the morning. Mother immediately quoted the promise and said, "I dare no longer doubt or fear." It need only be added, that the promise in its fulness of meaning was soon realized, and the temporal trouble swept away.

So also in spiritual things, whether for herself or others, she relied confidently upon the Divine word for their bestowment. While presenting unawakened sinners or penitents at the throne of Mercy, she believed in God's power, love, and grace; and her faith was duly honored. It was evident that she had fully received into her mind the words of Christ: "When ye pray, believe that ye receive" the things ye ask, "and ye shall have them;" and she found it to be as he had

declared. Indeed, to believe in God for any thing promised in the Scriptures seemed to require from her no inward struggle whatever; and Wesley's bold experimental lines found in her a living illustration:—

> "Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
> And looks to that alone;
> Laughs at impossibilities,
> And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

Our devoted Mother's spiritual life also developed the fruits of faith,—LOVE and JOY. Her love was pure and fervent. She was accustomed to dwell much upon the love of God; and this daily nourished and strengthened her love to him, and made his service easy and joyous to her. Among the lines which she was wont to sing were,—

> "'Tis love that makes our willing feet
> In swift obedience move."

And these words expressed her real inward feelings. St. John's Epistles, which set forth religion so largely as an exercise of the affections, were often read and meditated upon by her. The Divine sentence, "GOD IS LOVE," seemed to be set and encased in her heart as a priceless jewel, for

she often expressed it. And to her the chief attraction of heaven was that it was the abode of perfect love. Her truly social and affectionate nature, spiritualized and made pure, was disposed to this; for, no doubt, our views of heaven are formed and colored, to a great extent, by our different temperaments. The great but afflicted and restless Robert Hall said to Wilberforce, when they were conversing upon the nature of the happiness for saints in the world to come, "My chief conception of heaven is rest." "And mine," said the cheerful and affectionate Wilberforce, "is, that it is love." So it was with our Mother. All religion, in its objects, service, and rewards, was viewed by her through the medium of love. God was to her the Father of love: Christ the Incarnation of love: the Holy Ghost the Spirit of love: angels the messengers of love. And heaven she viewed as the everlasting home of love for redeemed and saved sinners, and for reünited friends and families.

The cold, abstract views of heaven which some take, who, in support of purely intellectual exercises, refine and sublimate it till they leave no

place in the universe for departing saints to enter, and no home in heaven for a social nature, were not hers. Love led her to contemplate it as it is represented in Scripture,—a gathering-place for the servants of the Lord assembled for social enjoyment and worship: an eternally happy abode for the family of the redeemed, met after temporal separation in their "Father's house," in which "there are many mansions" prepared for them by Christ; and where they will feel themselves no longer "strangers and foreigners," but "fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God." With this view of heaven, she loved the saints more than she would otherwise have done: it caused her to feel spiritual kindred with patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and all believers. With this view of the happy world to which she was journeying, she loved her friends and family the more, feeling her ties with them to be not of short duration, but lasting and eternal. And thus good Richard Baxter must have felt when he wrote, "It would damp my love to the saints, if I were to believe that the friendships I form in this life are to be broken at death, not to

be reunited; but it heightens my love to them when I think that the links then broken will be re-formed in heaven, and last throughout eternity."

There may be regions of space, and worlds filled with wondrous evidence of the Divine wisdom and goodness, for the blessed to explore: problems for them to solve, and mental occupation as enrapturing as it will be elevating; yet the chief attraction of heaven to a loving spirit will be, that it is THE HOME OF LOVE. This our Mother felt, and often expressed.

So also was her love to the Saviour strong and unceasing. She had nothing of that sensuous regard to Christ which expresses itself in the familiar terms of gross earthly passion. Her exalted and spiritual views of the Son of God, and of his atoning death for sinners, must ever have forbidden the use of such unwarrantable words. But she felt the truth of St. Peter's statement, "Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious." To her, as to the Apostle Paul, "Christ was all, and in all." Like St. John, she beheld him as the source of all light and glory, "the Angel standing in the midst of the sun." Her inmost soul

adored him as "the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely;" and it exulted greatly in his salvation.

Indeed, her RELIGIOUS JOY was unmistakable and abundant. Naturally, as I have said, she was of a cheerful and buoyant temper, and never disposed to seek and make troubles, as some are, who, instead of extracting where they can the sweet and the pleasant, find in every thing the wormwood and the gall. Neither was she depressed and beclouded by physical disease and infirmity, as was poor Cowper, and other hypochondriac children of God. She was of sound and healthful bodily constitution; so that, apart from the pains of maternity, (being the mother of sixteen living children,) she scarcely knew what serious affliction was until more than fifty years of age. These advantages of health were natural, and they were helpful and promotive of her joy; but they were not the causes of it. Hers was joy in the Lord: the joy of knowing that she was a child of God: of intimate communion and fellowship with him: of believing that heaven would be her eternal abode. I have seen her burdened with grief, and

suffused with sorrow; but never did I see her sunk down into despondency, or hear her complain of her condition. With anxieties and sufferings such as would have broken many a heart of less strength than hers, she was still rejoicing in the God of her salvation, recounting his blessings, and enumerating her reasons for gratitude. In her spiritual day-book and ledger she was wont to record her mercies as well as her sufferings; and in the balance-sheet of her account before the Lord, she always found more reasons for thankfulness and rejoicing than for dissatisfaction and sorrow. With memoranda of severe losses and bereavements, there was ever found a grateful register of what was left; and, after the pattern of righteous Job, ready acknowledgment of the right of the Divine Being to reclaim what he had given.

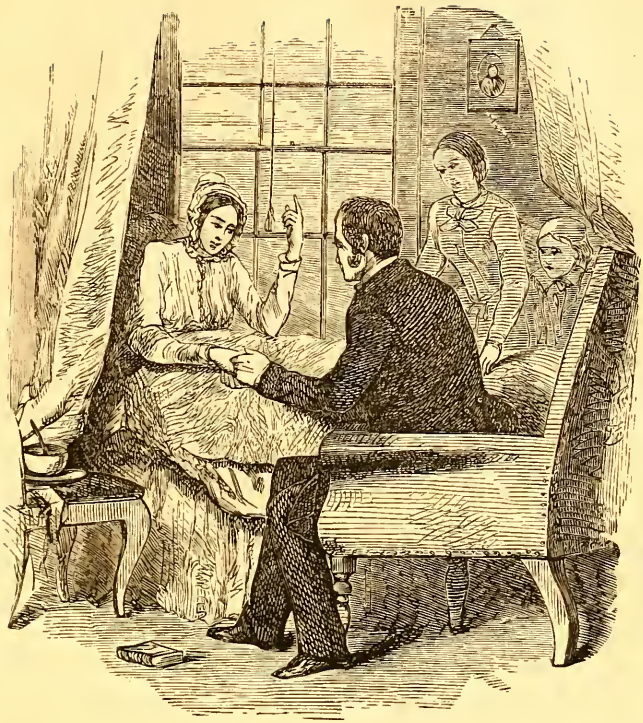
Few enjoyed the present life more than our dear Mother. She had a deep feeling for the beautiful in creation; and within the recesses of her heart there were thoughts and associations with the works of God, such as grosser natures know nothing of. "What a lovely world this is!" she would frequently exclaim, as she walked

abroad with her family under the open sky: "How sad that it should be marred by sin!" A flower from the garden or the field seemed to awaken within her instant devotional feeling; and she would derive moral and Divine lessons for her children from the daisy, the cowslip, the lily, or the rose. Her spirit at home was usually placid and serene; and with the exception of rare seasons, when she was undergoing deep trial, "peace and happiness" seemed ever to be written upon her countenance, as with a sunbeam from heaven.

But her chief joy, as I have said, was "in the Lord:" in breathing forth her love to him, and in receiving the tokens of his favor. And surely there is no joy on earth like unto this. The charms of music, the ecstasies of poetry, the pleasures of art, the more solid enjoyments of learning and science, are all infinitely inferior to the spiritual, refined joy of communion with God, such as good Thomas Walsh was accustomed to express, in the first verse of John and Charles Wesley's rendering of a German hymn by Dr. Breithaupt:

"Thee will I love, my strength, my tower:
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown:
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire."

This pure fire of chaste desire and holy joy burned brightly in all our dear Mother said and did; and there were times I have in remembrance, when she was so happy that, as she expressed it, how to continue to live on earth she scarcely knew: times in her family, when she spoke of God, of heaven, and of her heavenly desires, until husband and children also were afraid she would leave them too soon for the place more suited to her happy condition; and when something was purposely said or done to break the spell under which she seemed placed, and to bring her back in thought and feeling to the associations of earth.



Letter xvii.

"And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My dying-bed—for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tears away."

ROBERT GRANT.

Up to the month of June, 1839, our dear Mother had enjoyed almost uninterrupted health; but now she was visited by a serious and alarming illness. Powerful remedies were applied; but her medical attendants thought her case hopeless. Indeed, her constitution was thoroughly shaken. Much sympathy and concern were expressed for her by the societies in Lincoln and elsewhere: earnest prayer was offered by her family and friends, and she was at length restored.

On her first seizure, and throughout this illness, she was seriously calm and trustful. She had no painful doubts or fears, but was devoutly thoughtful. It seemed to be her especial care to improve her condition, both for herself and friends Her looks, as well as her words, proclaimed that she felt it to be a solemn thing to be afflicted, to terminate a life of probation, and to approach the gates of death and eternity. On temporal matters she said little, though not careless concerning them in relation to her family. She frequently spoke of affliction as a consequence of sin, and as showing how the work of God's hands had been disturbed and disordered by disobedience. But

she was careful to separate her view of bodily suffering from mere punishment. She maintained that it was a proof of love in her Heavenly Father thus to chasten her; and that her affliction was beneficial, both in its design and tendency.

She expressed no anxiety for recovery; but would say, when others expressed it, "Let God's will be done! He alone can determine for me as shall be best." When any mentioned their sympathy with her in bodily pain, she said the Divine Being saw reasons for it, though others might not; that he did not willingly afflict the children of men; and that the result would be good, though the process might be painful; for it would yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. She seemed to enter fully into the Apostle James's counsel, where he exhorts Christians to give to their graces full time and means for growth and maturity, by continued endurance of trial, saying, "Let patience have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing." She was cheerfully willing to lie in the furnace as long as the Divine Refiner appointed her to do so; and while there, it was plain that her Christian graces

were not only purified, but adjusted themselves in due and full proportions; so that she reflected more clearly than ever the image of God. Meanwhile, she was earnest in religious exhortations and counsels to all who came near to her, and especially to her children.

After some time of continued supplication on her behalf, she began to think and speak of recovery. Her case, she said, was like King Hezekiah's: her days were lengthened in answer to prayer; but she solemnly added, it would not be for long. As yet, neither physicians nor friends saw reason for hope, and they still expressed fear; but her faith in God for a temporary recovery was firm and unwavering. One night, her husband could not refrain from tears, when, watching by her side, he observed her altered looks. "My dear, what are you weeping for?" she inquired. "I fear you are about to be taken from me," he answered. "No," she said, emphatically, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of God." And it was done to her according to her faith: she was raised from her bed of suffering, and bore grateful testimony to the power and goodness

of God to sustain, comfort, and benefit his children in affliction.

But though thus graciously restored, she gave continued proof of being fully weaned from earthly things; and appeared like one increasingly withdrawing from the activities of life. Illness had also left traces upon her countenance and complexion, so that her friends rejoiced over her with trembling. She never recovered her former vigor, so as to be able to endure again what she did before. But she spent as much time and strength as could be given, in visiting the sick and the poor; and was especially urgent with others to begin and labor diligently in this way for Christ.

In the latter part of 1839, she accompanied me in a gig from Lincoln to the neighboring village of Langworth, where I had to open a new chapel. This she persisted in doing against earnest remonstrances, made on the ground that the journey of six miles, in an open vehicle, at that season of the year, would be too much for her enfeebled strength. But her mind had its purpose for usefulness on that day, and she was not to be dissuaded from going. The urgent theme of her conversation, on

the road, was the work of God in the salvation of sinners. At the village, she was known to many residing there; and the solemn and edifying influence which attended her intercourse with them in the interval of public worship is not forgotten.

In the spring of 1840, she came up to me, in the First London Circuit; and so far as her reduced strength would allow, she was active and useful among the members of the Church. We had been favored with a gracious work in several of the societies; and I have no doubt that the news of this strengthened her determination to make the visit. Of her deep interest in the cause of Christ, and of her strong desires for God and for heaven, she bore most delightful testimony in a Sabbath evening lovefeast, held in the chapel at Stoke-Newington. In her conversations with me at this time, she spoke much of eternity. On previous visits she had gone, with evident interest, to view the treasures of art, and the scenes of active life in the great metropolis. But now she was more of the pilgrim and stranger; and sought frequent retired walks, that she might

speak without interruption on religious subjects. She went more than once to the graveyard of City Road Chapel, where many of the mighty dead in Methodism sleep in solemn sepulture around the founder. Here she gazed on the tombs, read the inscriptions, spoke of the characters and worth of those great examples, of their rising again at the coming of Christ, and expressed a joyful hope of eternal association with them in heaven. Indeed, her thoughts dwelt so much on another world, that it was impossible to be with her and not be increasingly apprehensive of her short stay in this; and with such apprehension she was prevailed upon to sit to a friend for a larger likeness than had been previously taken of her. It is of full size; and though it represents her loved face when it was worn and shaded by sickness, yet it is a precious memorial.

> "Blest be the art that can immortalize—
> The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
> To quench the meek intelligence of those
> Dear eyes!"—

sang Cowper, when looking on his mother's portrait; and surely art is precious, if it only served

to continue for us, faithfully, the lineaments of those we reverence and love!

On the day of her departure, she prayed most earnestly in the family, spoke of spiritual things on the way to the coach, and when on the point of starting, said, "I am fully satisfied with life: God has answered my prayers; and my language is that of aged Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!'"

It was soon found that the apprehensions felt concerning her were too likely to be realized. In May she had a second serious illness. Father had increased anxiety, from the fact that the medical gentleman who had known her through life, and ministered successfully to her before, was away from Lincoln. She took pains, however, to allay the uneasiness of all around her, by insisting that there could be no "accidents" or "chances" as to death, any more than as to life. She had no anxiety or fear: expressed strong faith in the special providence of God, which allows not a sparrow to fall to the ground without notice; and calmly said she believed that the time of her departure was at hand. It was still apparent, how-

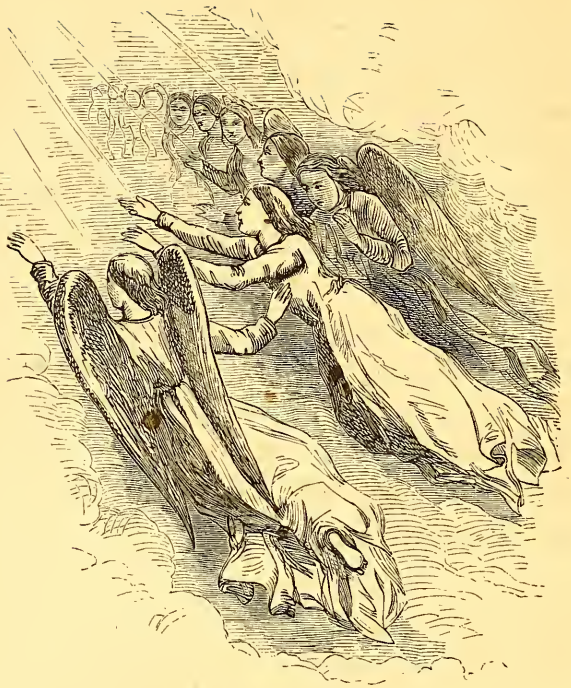
ever, that she felt it was a solemn thing to die; yet, if shrinking from death as a physical evil, she took care to let it be known that there was no dread of its spiritual consequences.

I think, dear Sister, that a little reflection will clear up any difficulty you or any one else may at first have in comprehending this mingled state of feeling in the dying believer. Human nature must shiver when about to plunge naked into the cold and bitter waters, though the soul is sure of emerging from them with renewed life and vigor. No thoughtful Christian can feel lightly or vauntingly of death. It is an undoubted evil: a part of the curse and punishment of sin: a penalty that must be paid on account of transgression. All animated nature shrinks from it: the very worm in our path, the smallest insect that flies, seeks to escape from death; and how should not the reflecting human creature shrink from it, with all the awful dependent results? What pangs may accompany the separation of the vital spark from the clay tenement,—the rending asunder of the soul and body heretofore so intimately associated,—we cannot tell; and we naturally dread to think. Then there is the parting from earthly

friends, and the leaving of them, we know not to how much error or suffering in the remainder of their mortal lives. Death is also the close of probation, and the commencement of retribution: it is for each of us the great connective link of existence, being the end of time and the beginning of eternity. With these views and convictions, the considerate Christian cannot be expected to make the last descent into the valley with vaunting. He will not rush hastily down into it, but "walk" through it, as the Psalmist David said he would do. Perhaps at first he treads with trembling steps, though he knows he shall pass through it safely and need fear no evil.

This was our dear Mother's state of mind when she felt herself approaching the confines of the eternal world, and knew that the summons had come for mortal conflict with her last enemy. As she came forth from the thorns and sand of the wilderness in which she had sojourned for fifty-two years, and heard the last hiss of the old serpent as she drew near the swelling waters, she trod calmly and safely; but not boastfully. She spoke confidently of the joys awaiting her in the goodly land beyond, but said more than once, "It

is a solemn thing to die!" And this solemnity of feeling which she had was not irreconcilable with her Christian cheerfulness,—her joy in the Lord. This never forsook her; for with all her thoughtful seriousness concerning death itself, she earnestly desired to "depart and to be with Christ," which she knew would be "far better" than to remain longer on earth. But, as one has said, "A man may desire to be with his family, and yet fear crossing the sea; so we may desire to be with Christ, but shrink when we remember we must *die* to be with him."



Letter xviii.

"The dead are like the stars by day:
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky.
Spirits from bondage thus set free
Vanish amidst immensity;
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

It is a true saying, that "persons die as they live." Our Mother's life had been one of faith, and of joyful confidence in God. And it was increasingly such the nearer she drew to its close. During her last illness, not the shadow of a doubt seemed to cross her mind as to her acceptance with God, or final admission into heaven. Yet her confidence was not based on any service which she had performed, but on the infinite merit of her Divine Redeemer. She gave proof while there, that on her death-bed she carefully reviewed her life, and examined well the foundation of her faith and hope. The examination yielded her no reason for self-complacency. She never seemed so profoundly humble as now; and spake much of the mercy of God to her as a sinner, through a crucified Saviour. "The precious blood of Christ," was a saying frequently on her lips. And this, my dear Sister, is the case of all who in death have proper views of themselves, and of Christ's salvation; so that as they approach the termination of their probationary course, they speak only of his atoning and cleansing blood. Thus, Wesley, after his laborious and useful life, said in death,—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!"

In Jesus, our dear parent could steadfastly trust, and she knew that she was saved by him. To two of her female friends who called to see her some days before her end, she said, "It may be that at the last I shall not have power to speak; and I wish you distinctly to understand what I am going to say. I now declare to you, that I have not the least doubt on my mind respecting my acceptance with God and title to heaven, through the infinite merit of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Her faith in the providence of God was also unshaken. Her long silence on all temporal things, and the circumstances of her family, induced surprise, and at length inquiry, on the part of father. Her answer was, that she had given all up into the hands of the Lord, and could confidently intrust all to his providential care and covenant engagement. All would be in better keeping than hers, she affirmed, quoting suitable promises, and pointing upwards—all would be in Divine keeping. God had never failed her in

any thing he had promised; and she exhorted all to serve him and trust in him.

On her death-bed she seemed exceedingly jealous for the honor and glory of the Saviour; and besought all who visited her to beware of taking any praise to themselves for what they did professedly for him. Of her own conduct she said, it was full of imperfections; but that she had been sincere in what she had professed and attempted. She had been but like a child in God's service, yet she had also been childlike in purpose and aim.

For several days before her death she lay calm and serene, waiting the coming of the last messenger; but as the end drew near, her happy mind seemed to rise superior to all natural restraints from bodily weakness and pain. Her spirit, in anticipation of being freed from the last incrustations of mortality, beamed out in her countenance, and burst forth into rapturous exaltations and praises, that turned the house of mourning into a house of joy. She bade others bless the Lord with her; and would have her family assembled around her bed, and the hymn-book brought, so

that they might together praise God as they had been wont to do in the days of her strength. She literally fulfilled the words of the Psalmist,—"Rejoiced in glory, and sang upon her bed for joy." Feeling that faith's great battle was won; the last enemy conquered, and that heaven was opening around, she said to some friends who visited her, "I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course; and I feel already upon me such a weight of glory, that I know not how to bear it in my weak and enfeebled state; but still I know that there is more to come!" Repeatedly she spoke of her cup of blessing as overflowing, and of her bright and joyful hope of speedy union with Christ and the redeemed in heaven. To one of the esteemed ministers who had called to see her, she said with emphasis, after making inquiries concerning the word of God in the circuit, and having learned that he was going to preach that day, at the opening of a new chapel, in an adjoining circuit,—"Preach *Christ;* preach Christ *crucified;* preach Christ crucified *for all men!* Preach a *free, present,* and *full* salvation for *every one* that believeth!" adding, that while lying on that bed

her views of the efficacy of the Saviour's atonement had been such, that she had been constrained to sing,—

"Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid;
For all a full atonement made!"

Our dear Mother's last day on earth, though she was in extreme weakness and suffering, found her still happy and rejoicing. She said to her husband, when he entered her chamber in the morning, after family devotion below stairs, "My dear, draw up the window-blind, will you? and let the blessed sunshine from heaven flow freely in and fill the room." When he had done so, she said, "That will do: the place is now bright, as it ought to be on this glad day. Many complain of this world as dark and bad. I do not. It has been a good and happy world to me; and all whom I have known seem to have been my friends. Come, let us sing together once more our Sabbath hymn."

When reminded that it was not the Sabbath day, she answered, "I know; but it is a blessed day, and a Sabbath to me; for it will be the day

when I shall enter into eternal rest!" She continued thus rejoicing till evening, when her speech failed. But then her countenance shone more brightly than ever. It seemed as if her spirit was already beaming in light through the frail tabernacle; and the holy rapture in her eyes seemed to indicate that she was able to behold the heavenly visitants who had come to welcome her to the everlasting home. Thus she continued, until two o'clock on Friday morning, October 2d, 1840, when her soul was "unclothed" from the outward garment of the flesh, and escaped from earth's bondage for ever.

The loss of such a parent as I have faintly portrayed could not but be deeply felt by her family. It was a loss that could not possibly be repaired, though you, my dear Sister, with some others around you, were then too young to perceive all that was involved in it. The words, "She is gone!" and the desolate reflection, springing up in the mind for the first time, "I have no Mother in this world now!" could not but produce in the hearts of those who were old enough to feel their bereavement, that heavy-weighted sorrow which

the Psalmist expresses when he says, "I bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother." Her appearance when dead was still lovely. There she lay, pure as stainless statuary marble, with the last smile lingering upon her face, that still seemed devout, spiritual, and radiant; so that when bending over her form, and looking upon her countenance, the words of Christ seemed most appropriate to the thought within,— "She is not dead, but sleepeth." It was, however, her last sleep, from which in the body she will not awake until the morning of the last day.

In the interval before her burial, we spoke of her character and conduct with friends who came to sympathize with us, as did the bereaved family of Dorcas; but there was a deep and mysterious feeling of joy and consolation mingled with all our mourning. We could not sorrow as they who are without hope. God, our Maker, gave us "songs in the night." The funeral was intended to be as quiet and private as possible, for true sorrow at such a season shrinks from public gaze and observation; but a large number of persons who had known Mother in life were assembled at her

burial, many of whom had voluntarily put on mourning habits. Several shops were closed on the way to the graveyard, and many stood at their doors to pay the last homage to religious worth, —a homage not to be bought by wealth, or secured by authority. Thus was she borne to her long home amidst the tokens of sorrowful and grateful affection; for such is the effect of consistent goodness, and such its final triumph!

She was buried in the south-west part of St. Mark's retired churchyard, where her beloved father and eight of her own children had been previously interred. With them she sleeps quietly in the dust, where no rude, unmeasured steps of busy traffic, or echoes of rumbling vehicles, seem as though they would startle the dead in their last resting-chambers; but where the guardian trees around, as they yearly renew their glossy foliage, gently whisper among their young leaves of a coming resurrection. Her desire was strong to be buried there: she often thought of it, and often spoke of it. Some may consider this trivial, and be ready to say, "It is of no consequence to the saint where the body lies at death;" but her

desire as to a burial-place was both natural and commendable. As possessing social natures, we desire association with those we love, not only in life, but also in death and the grave. How many have said, with Thomas, when contemplating the approaching loss of a friend, "Let us also go, that we may die with him!" What Ruth said to Naomi is the true language of nature and affection,—"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried." Jacob and Joseph were not content to be left in a cold sarcophagus of some rock-hewn tomb in Egypt, but desired to be associated with their friends and relatives, giving commandment in death concerning their bones. Jacob is singularly earnest in this. He makes his son promise with the utmost solemnity that his body shall not be buried in Egypt; and his inmost nature speaks out when naming the reason for being entombed in that place: "There," he says, "they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife: there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and *there I buried Leah.*" It is also recorded, almost invariably, of those who were buried with honor in Israel, that they "were laid with their fathers."

Some, who profess utter carelessness as to the place of their burial, may be ready to say that all this is mere sentimentalism, and has no reason whatever in it; for there can be no mental intercourse in death, and no communion in the dust. But this desire for companionship in the grave springs from the true instinct of nature; and it is no slight violation of its dictates when necessary sanitary measures prevent the burial of relatives together. Mother had her long-cherished desire fulfilled; and she and her father and children rest in that quiet graveyard together, "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

Her death was improved in a funeral sermon, preached in the Wesleyan chapel at Lincoln, by the Rev. George Roebuck, from the latter part of Proverbs xiv. 32: "The righteous hath hope in his death." A deep and solemn impression was made by the service; and there was a manifest sensation produced when the minister quoted, at the close of his discourse, the following verses from Mrs. Bulmer's poems, as applicable to the character of the departed, and to the feelings of the audience:—

"Rest in thy bliss! For not in vain
The wretched sought repose from thee:
Thine ear received the plaintive strain,
Wrung from the breast of Misery.
Thy heart, thy hand extended wide,
The balm to Sorrow's wounds applied.

"Rest with the saints whose race is run,
Whose virtues track their flight to heaven:
The goal is gained, the battle's won:
To thee the palm, the crown be given,
Which conquerors in that region wear
Where all is lasting, bright, and fair."

Conclusion.

The sketch I have given of a dear Mother's Portrait is but slight and unfinished. Some may suppose it is overdrawn; because they know that no character is perfect, and yet I have not exposed blemishes and defects. These are often looked for; and if not found, the portrait is supposed to be unfaithful. But whatever may be the custom with biographers in general, a record of defects must not be expected from me. I was not trained by her of whom I have written, to look for faults in the character of God's servants, but for their excellences. And surely this is the best and happiest employment for the mind. I do not deny that there were defects; I do not deny that I have drawn with the hand of affection; but I am still conscious that I have copied faithfully from the life. If any think that I have

written too feelingly, let them remember that it is a MOTHER'S Portrait by her Son, who gratefully remembers how much he owes to her who is departed: that it is presented to a SISTER, for whose spiritual welfare he yearns with fraternal affection; and is more especially intended for the YOUTH of Methodism.